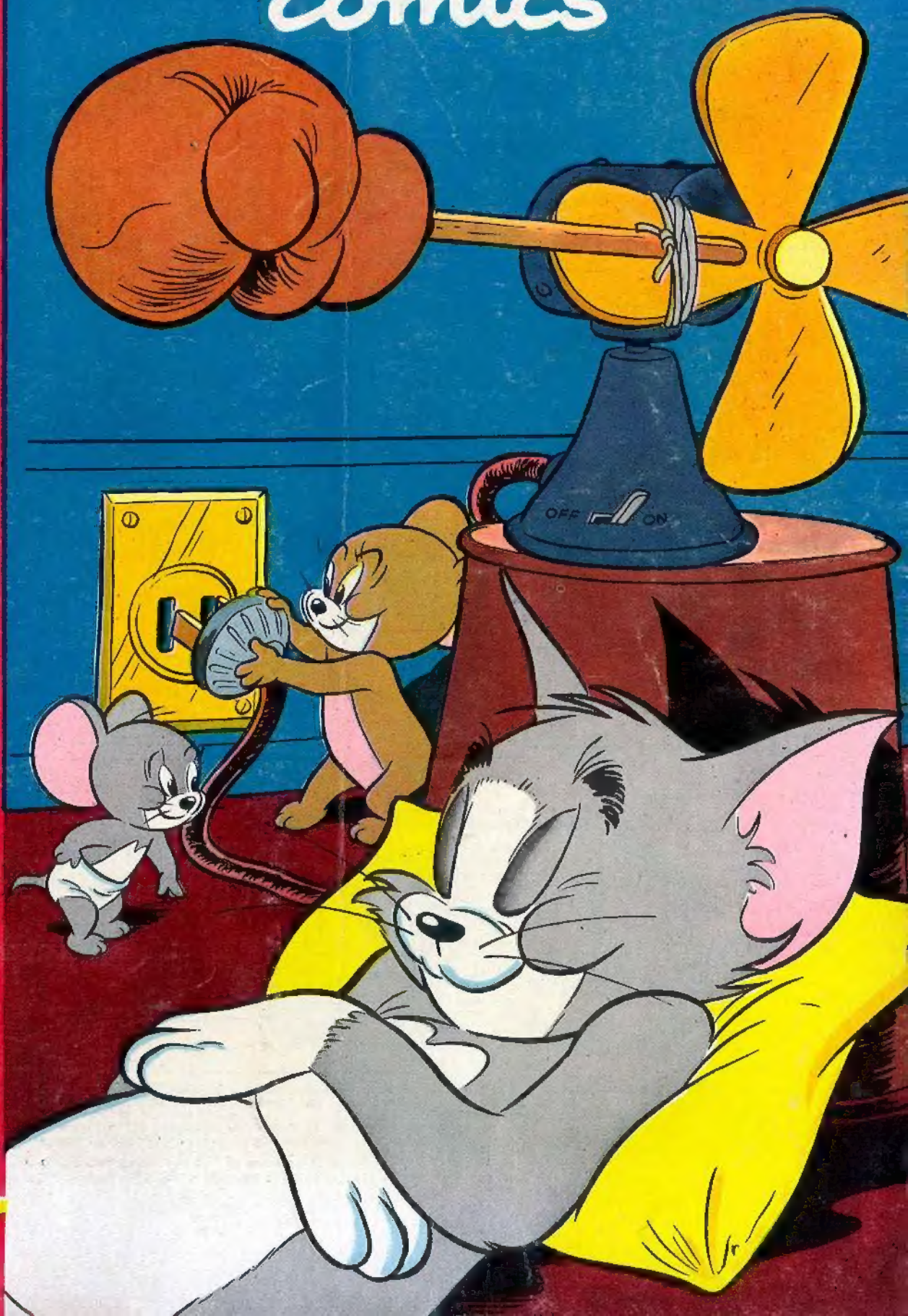


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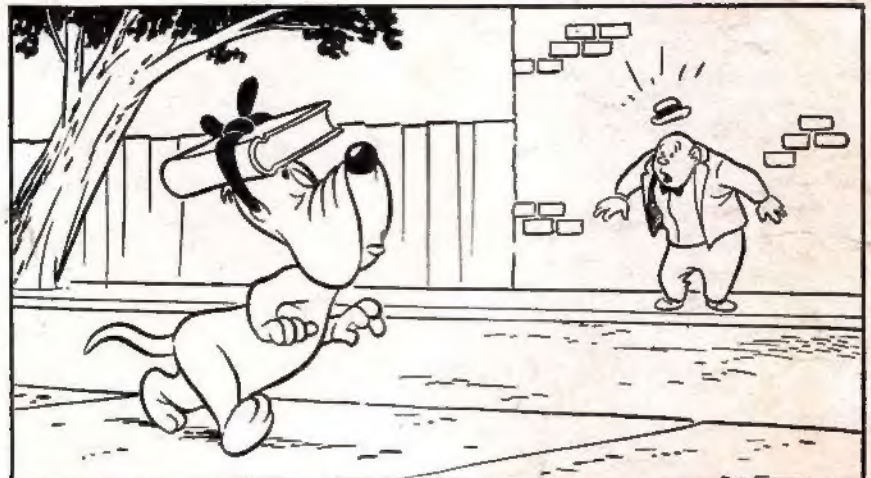
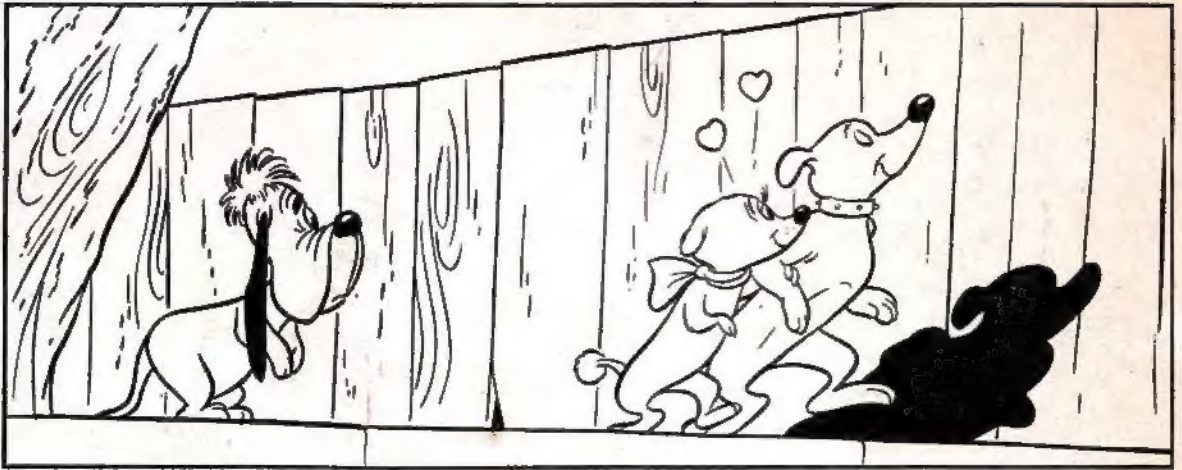
JUNE

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and **Tom Jerry** comics

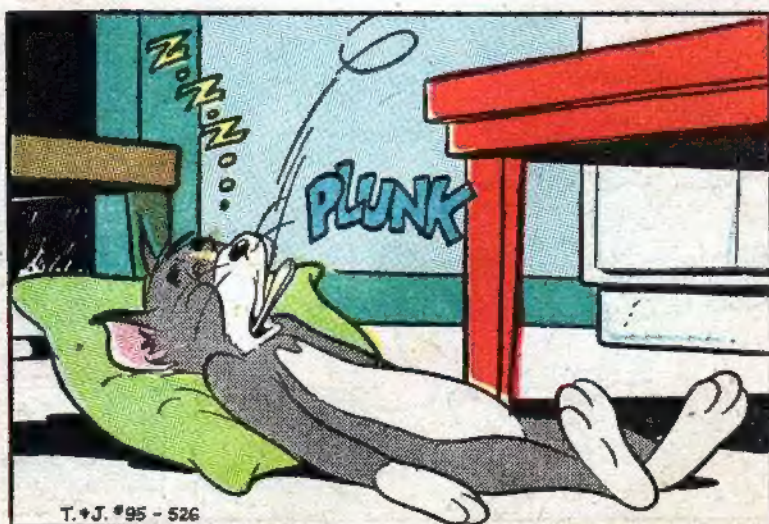
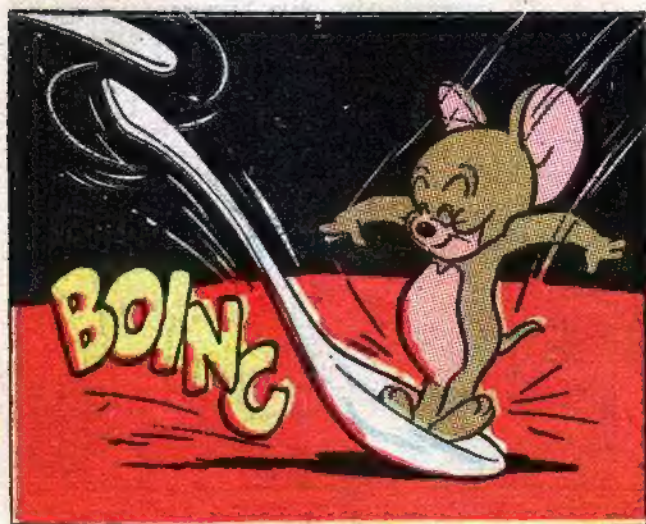
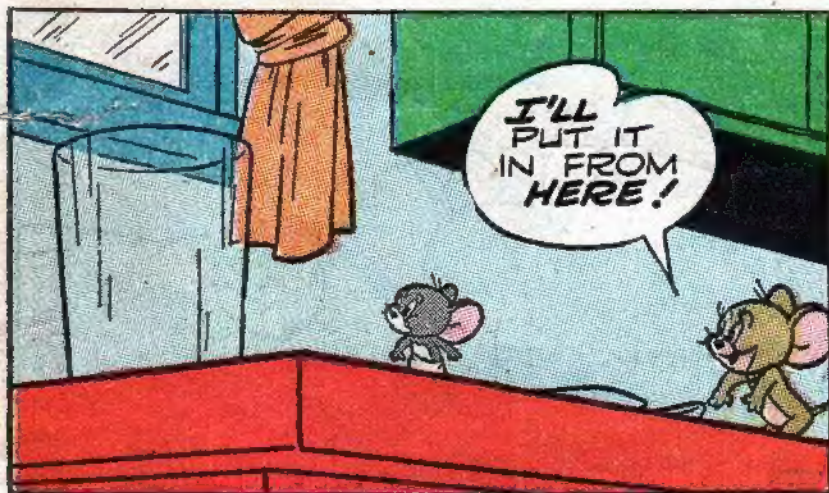
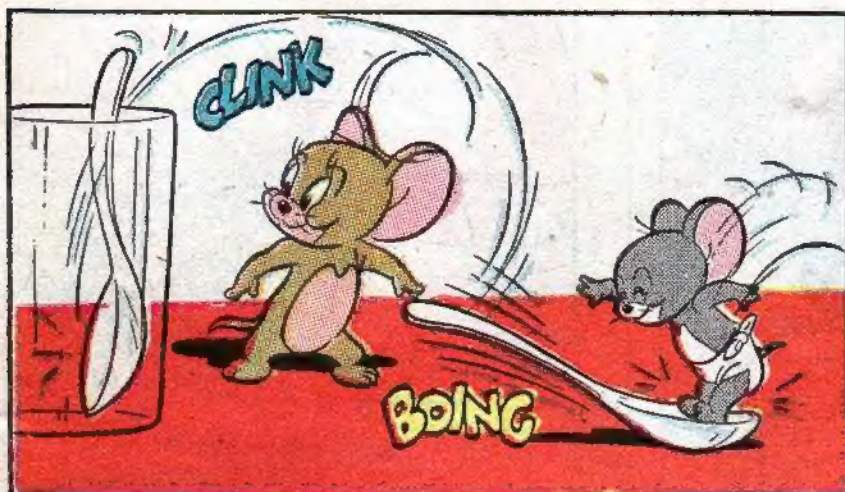
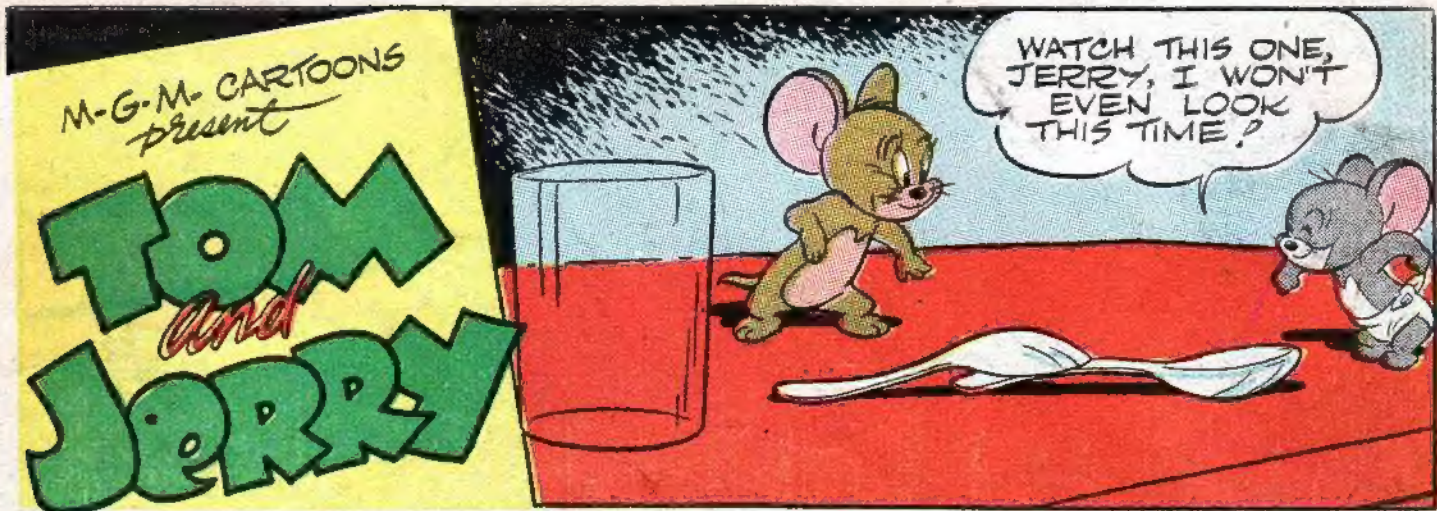


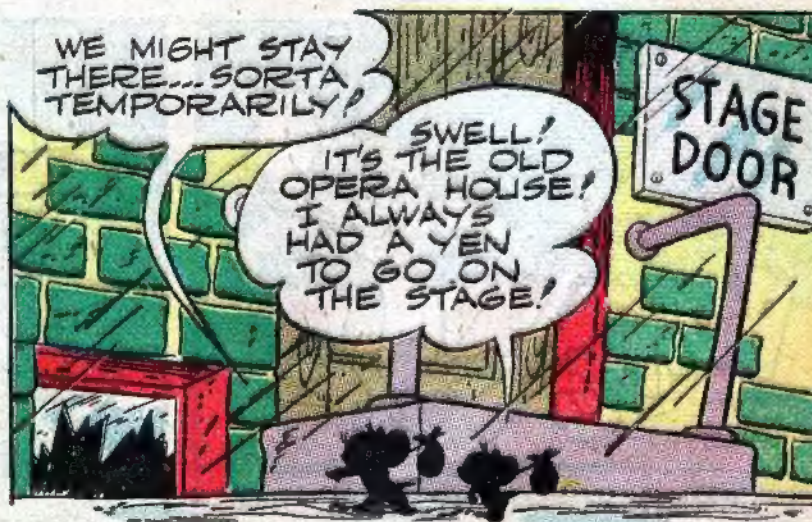
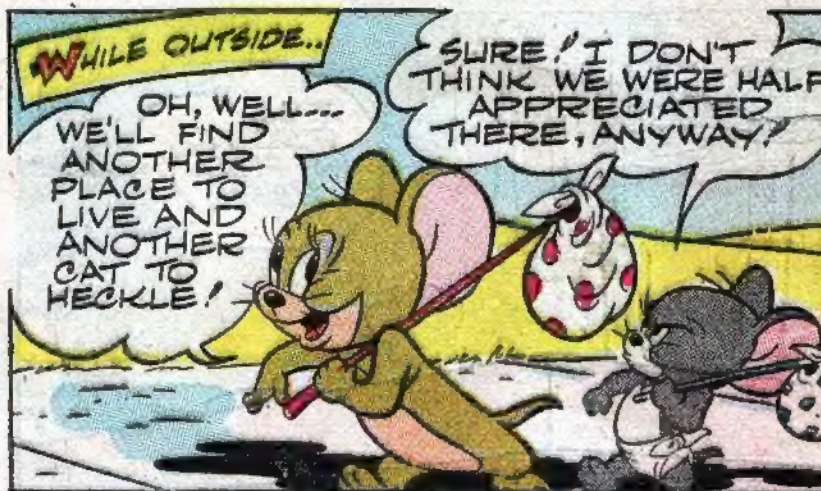
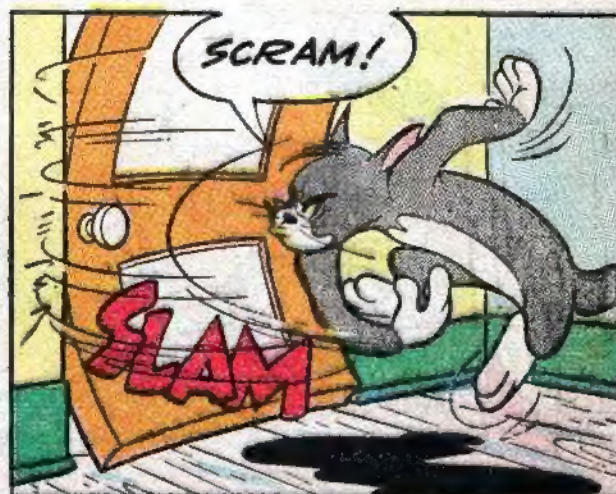
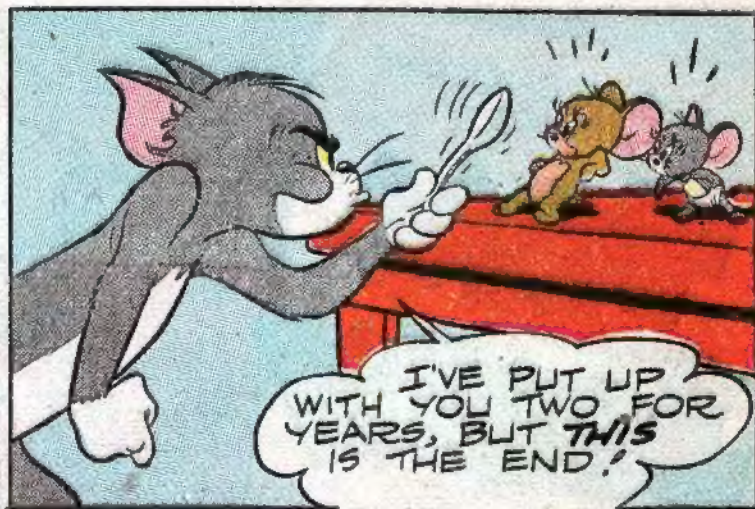
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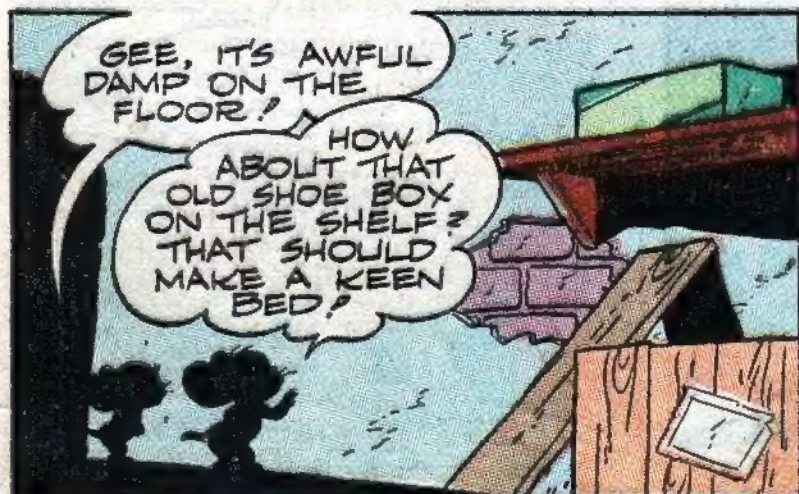


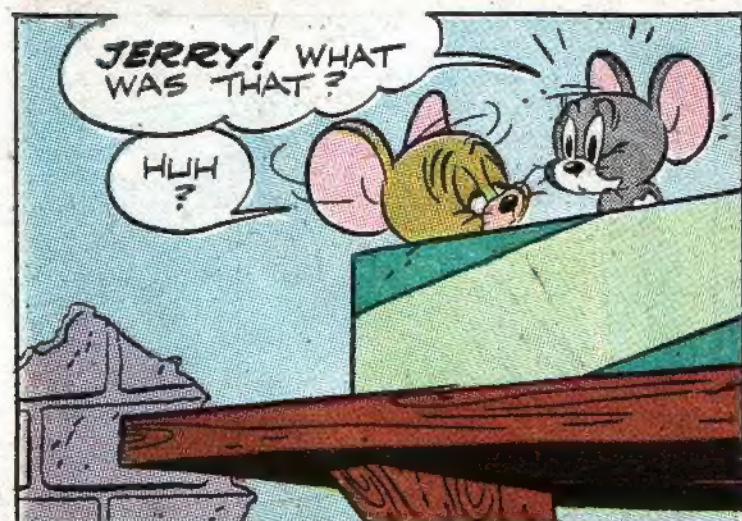
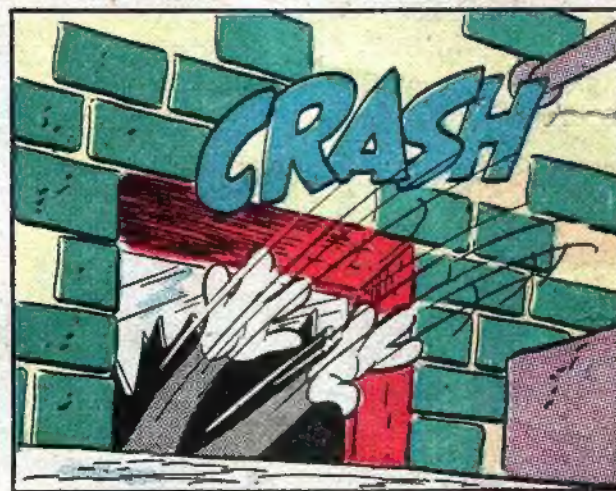
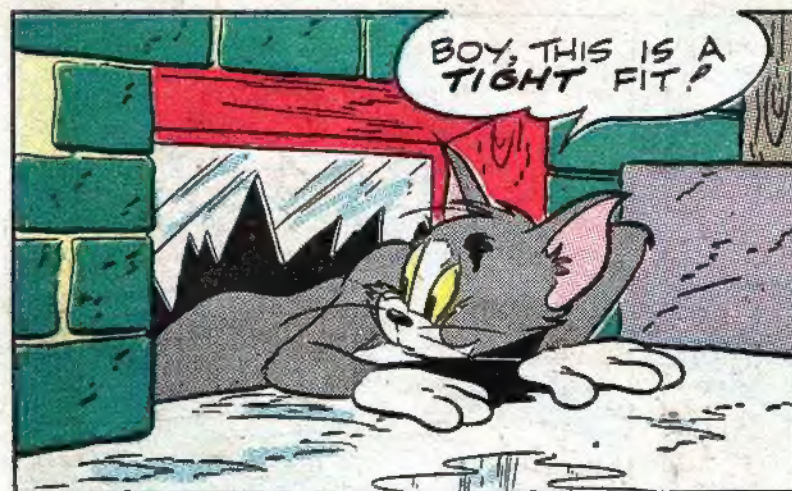
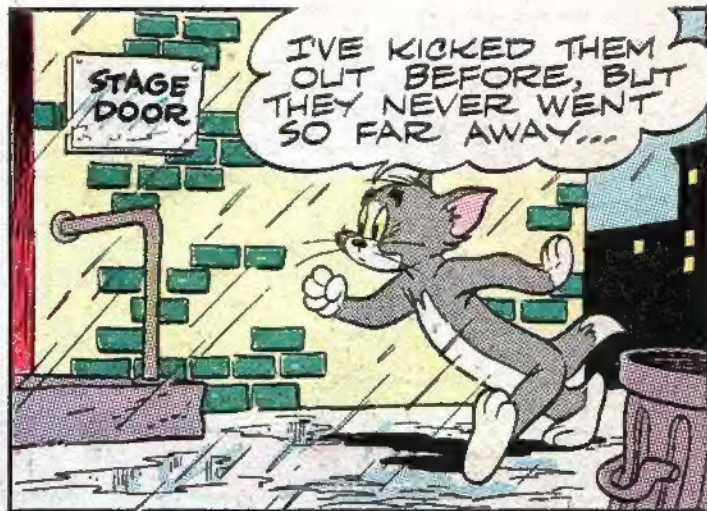
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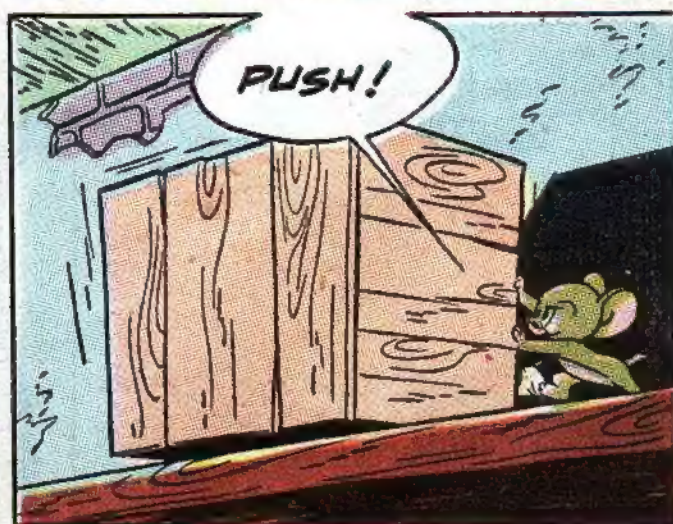
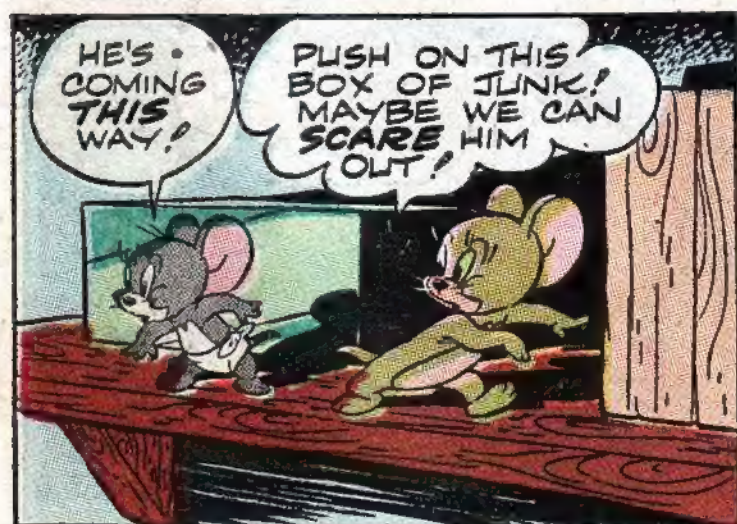
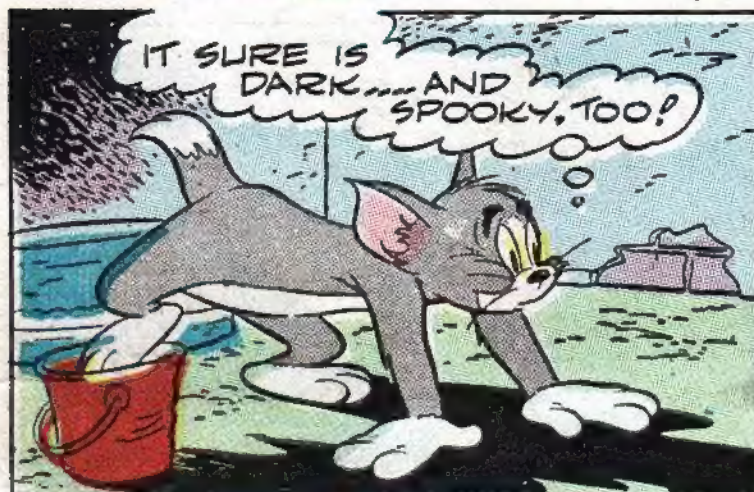
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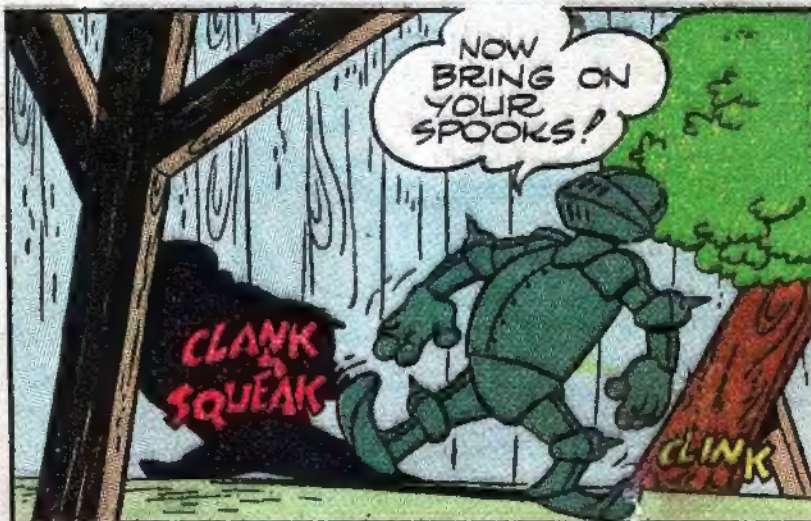
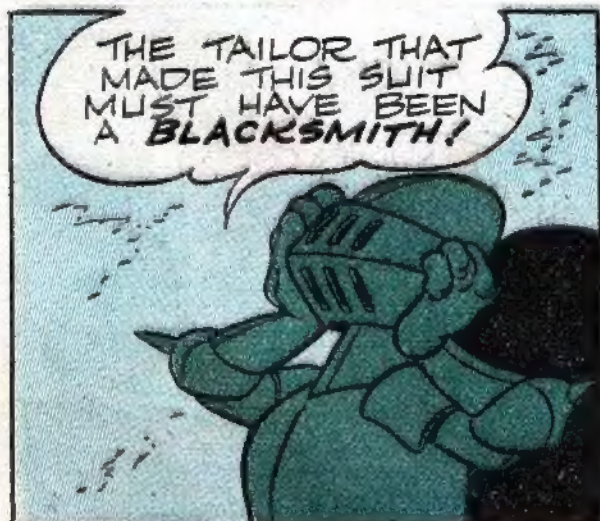
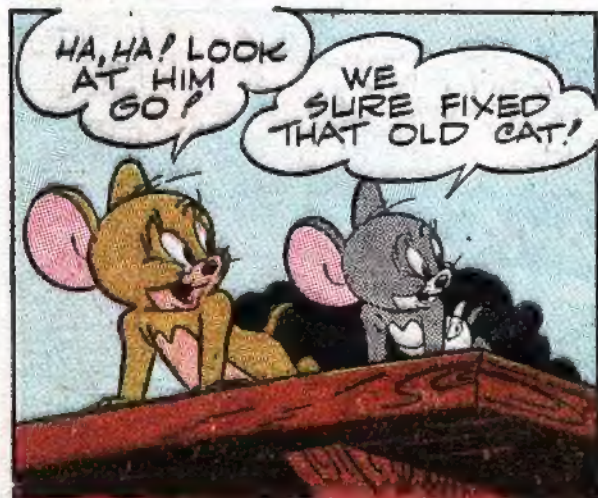
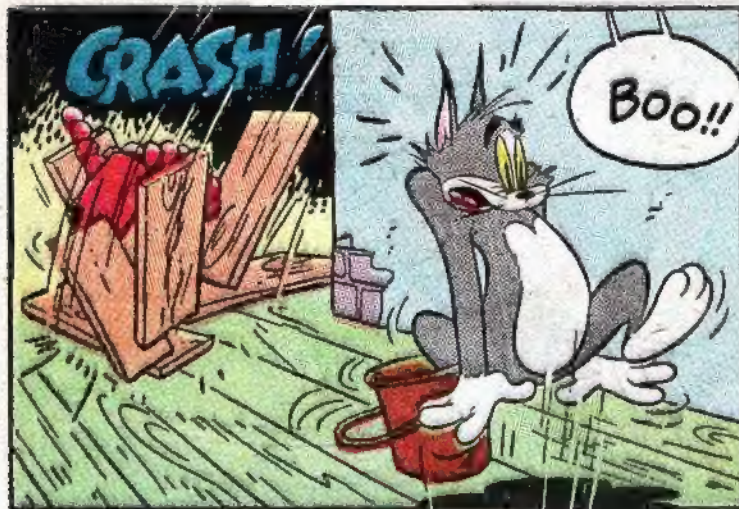


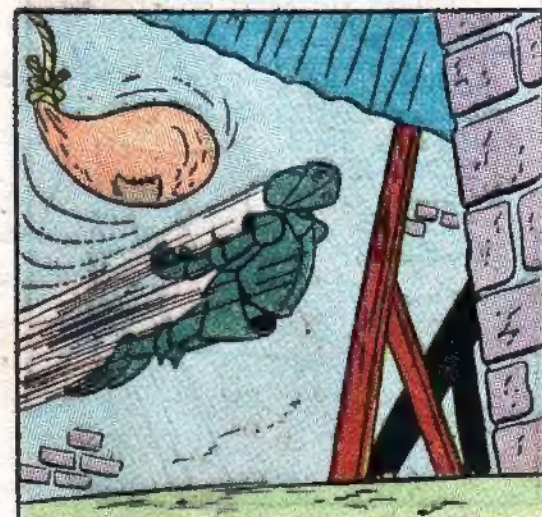
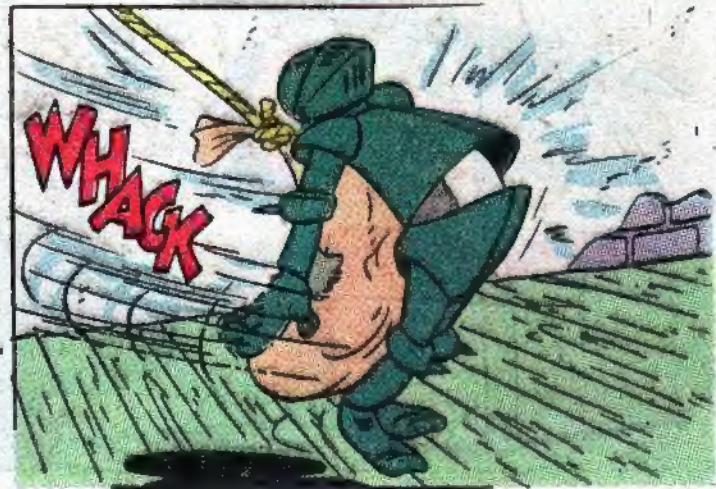
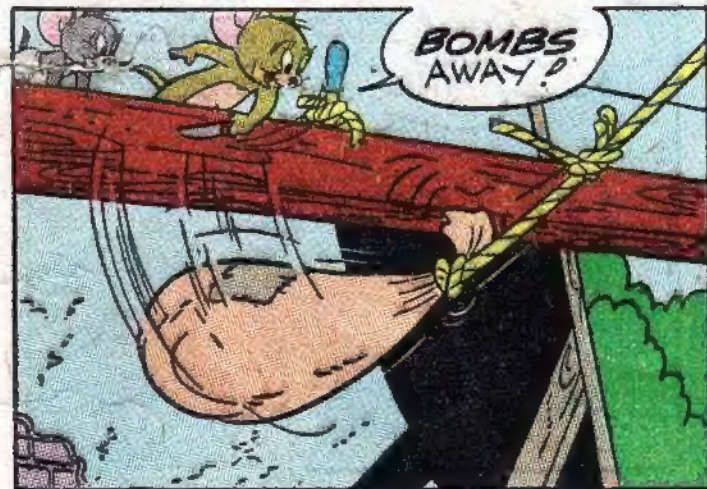
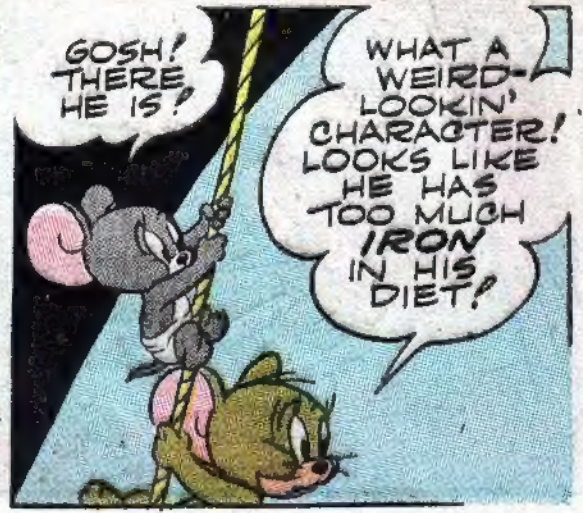
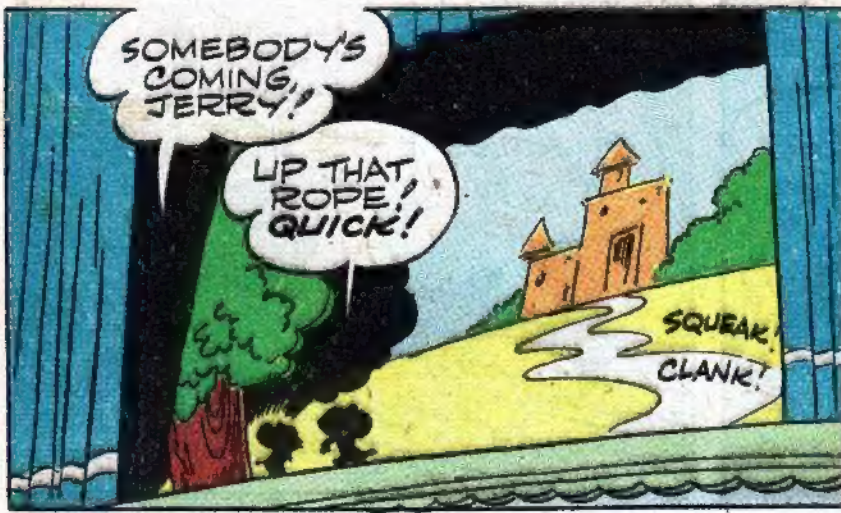






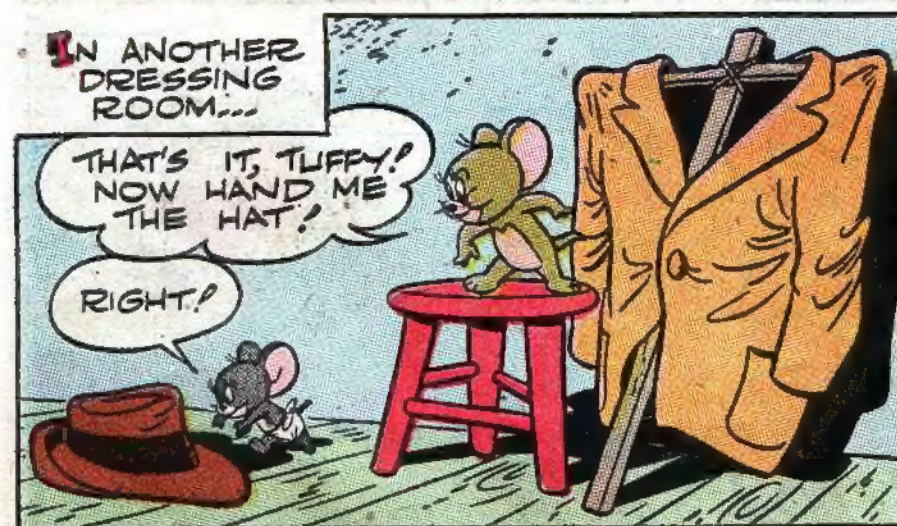
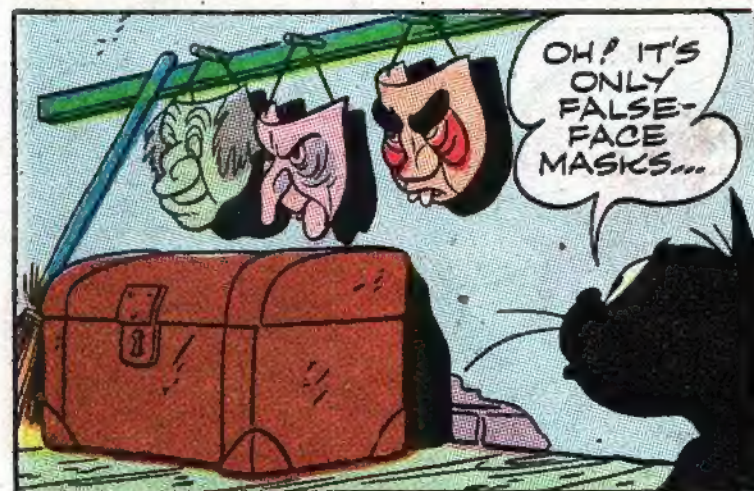
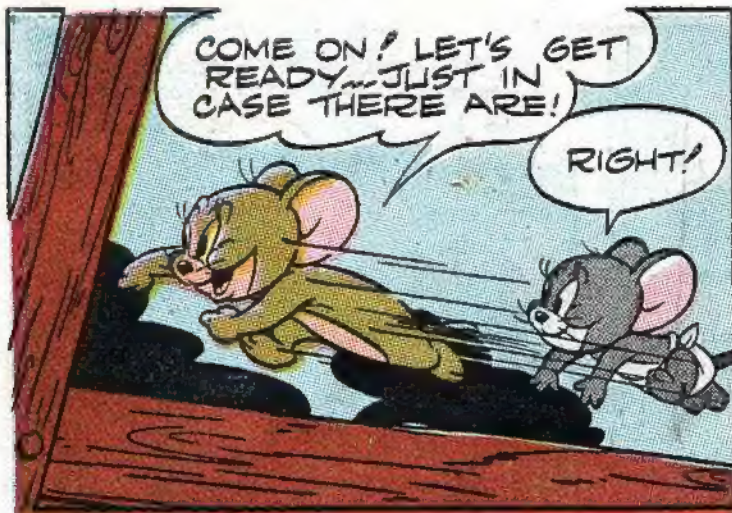


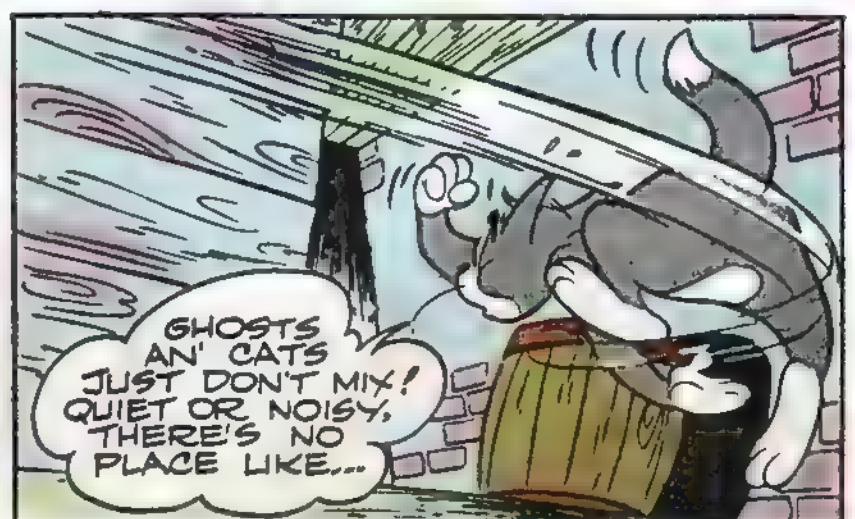
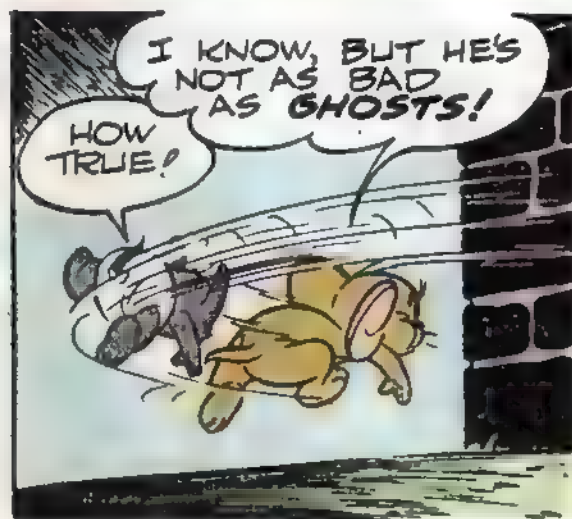
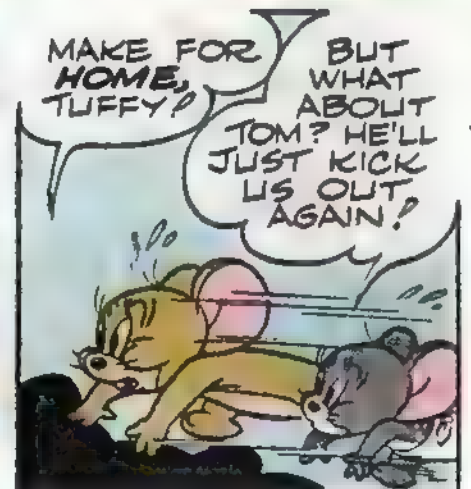
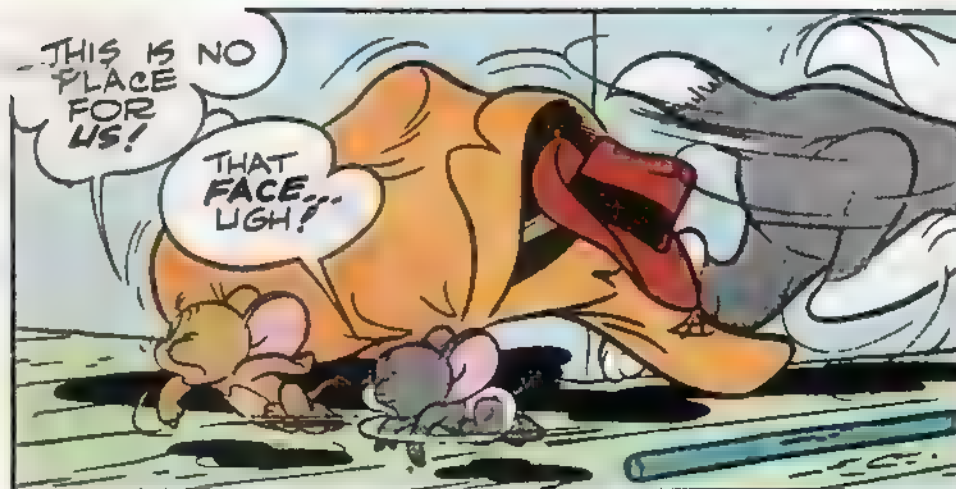
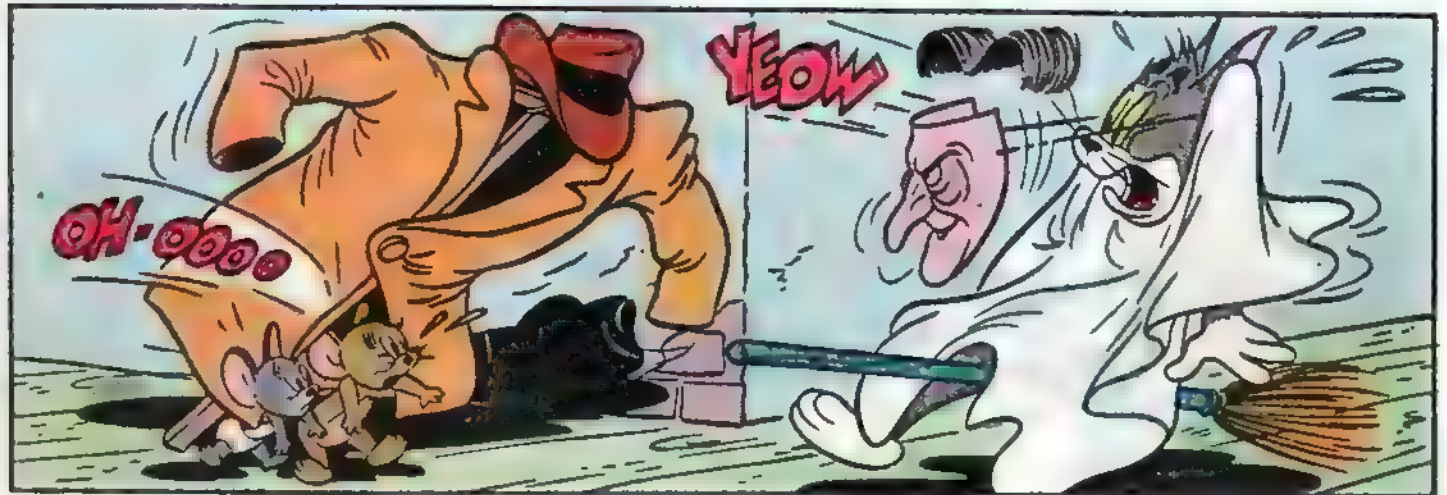
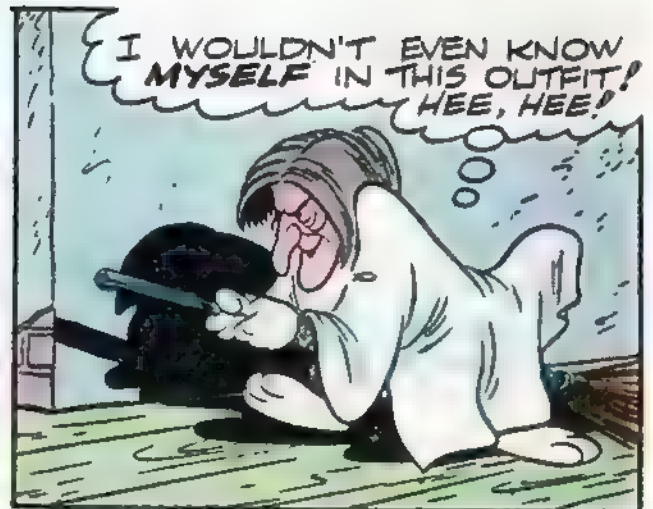
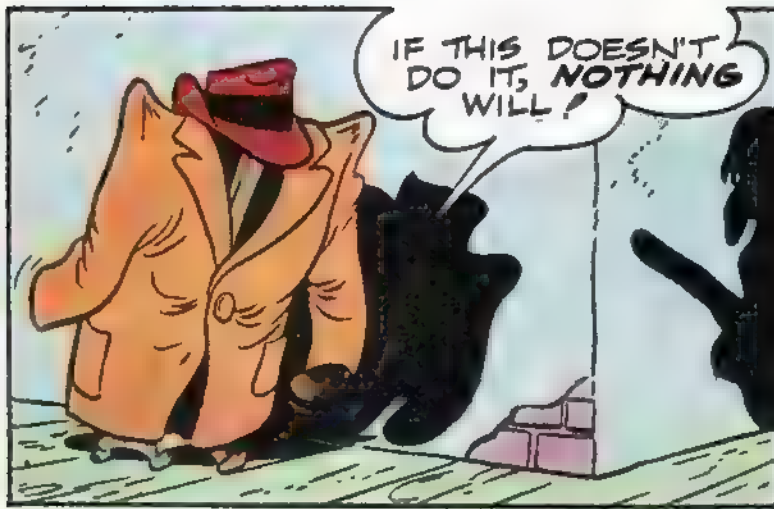


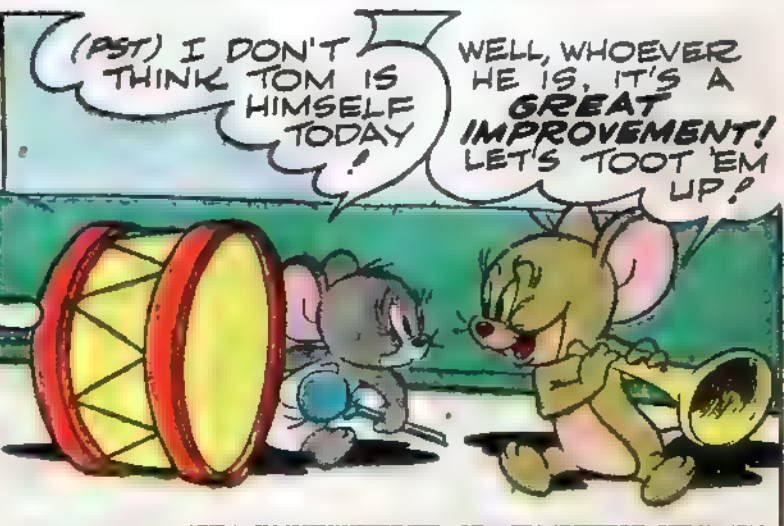
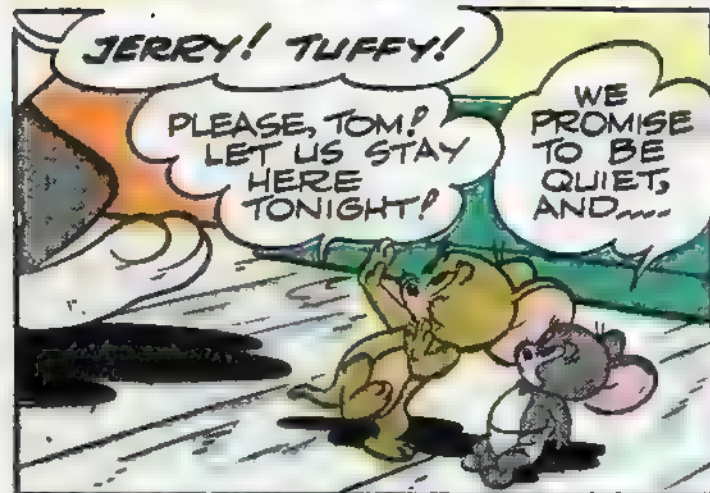
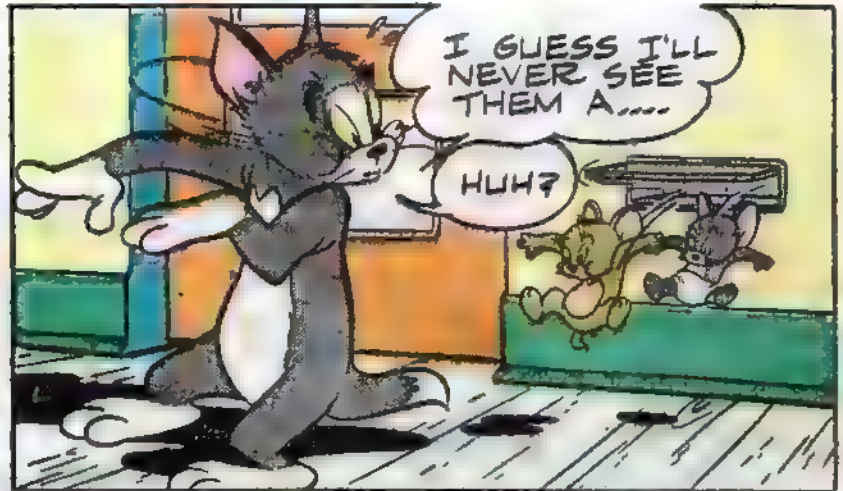
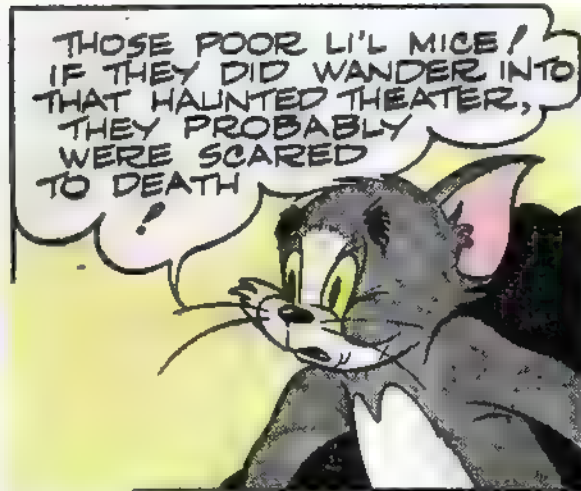
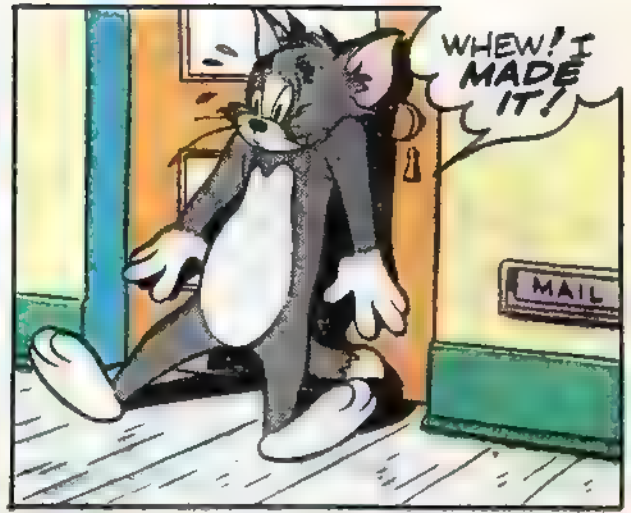
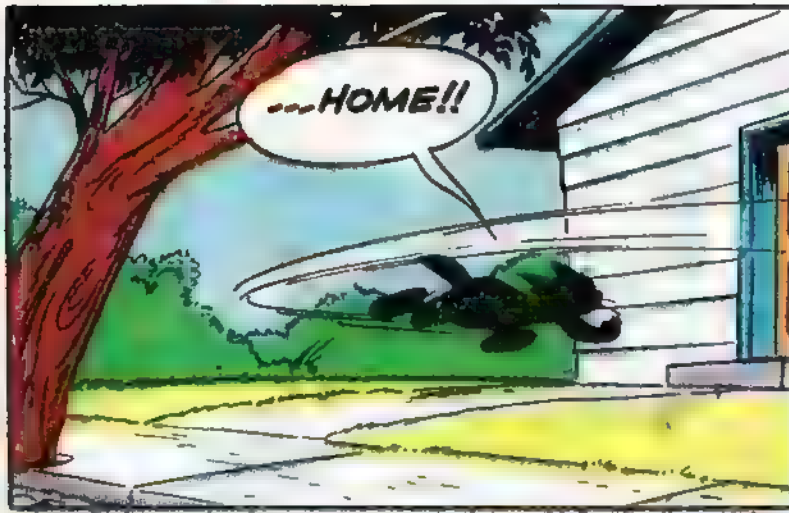


CRASH









M-G-M-CARTOONS
present

Big SPINE and Little TYKE

AH! WHAT A FINE DAY!
MAKES ME FEEL
LIKE DOIN' A GOOD
DEED!

HOW
D'YA DO
A DEED,
POP?

WHY, BY
HELPIN' SOME
UNFORTUNATE
CREATURE,
TYKE!

ANIMAL SHELTER

GIVE
A HOME
TO A
HOMELESS
ANIMAL
INQUIRE WITHIN

WE MUST ALWAYS
BE ON THE ALERT
FOR GOOD DEEDS
TO DO!

THAT LOOKS
LIKE OUR
OPPORTUNITY,
POP?

GIVE
A HOME
TO A
HOMELESS
ANIMAL
INQUIRE WITHIN

THAT'S THE SPIRIT,
TYKE...I'LL GO IN AND
INQUIRE RIGHT
NOW!

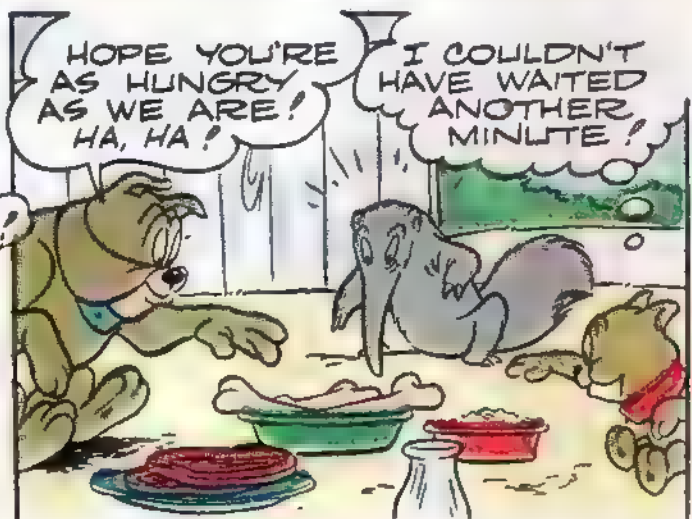
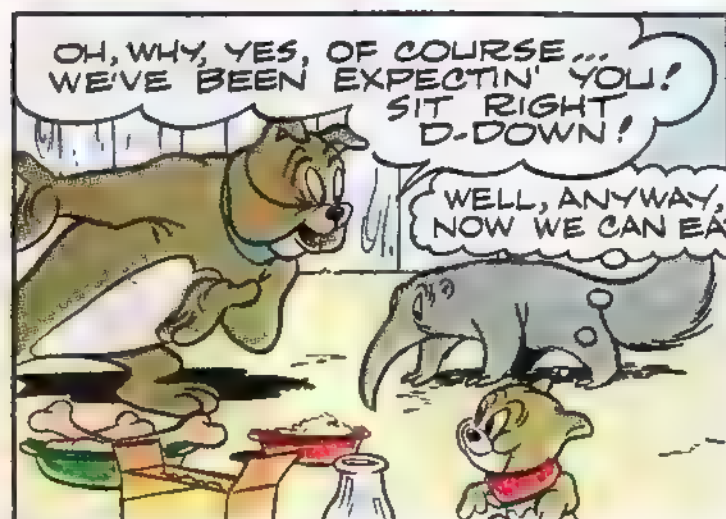
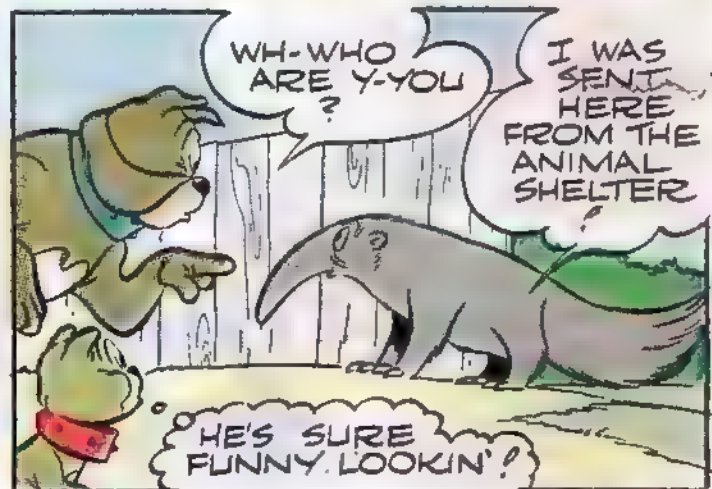
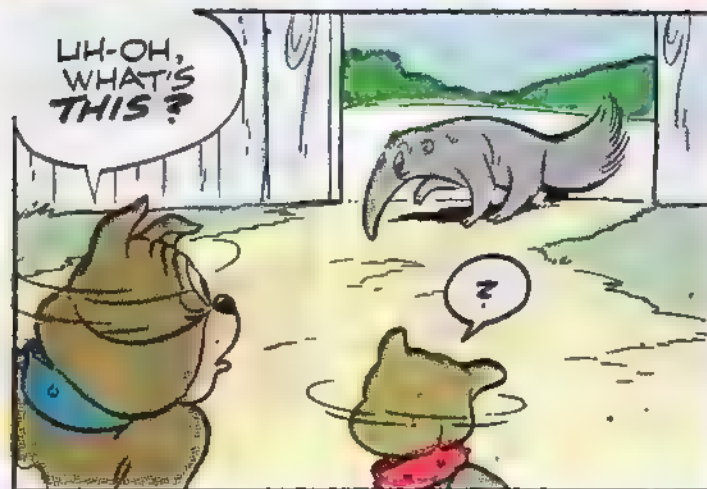
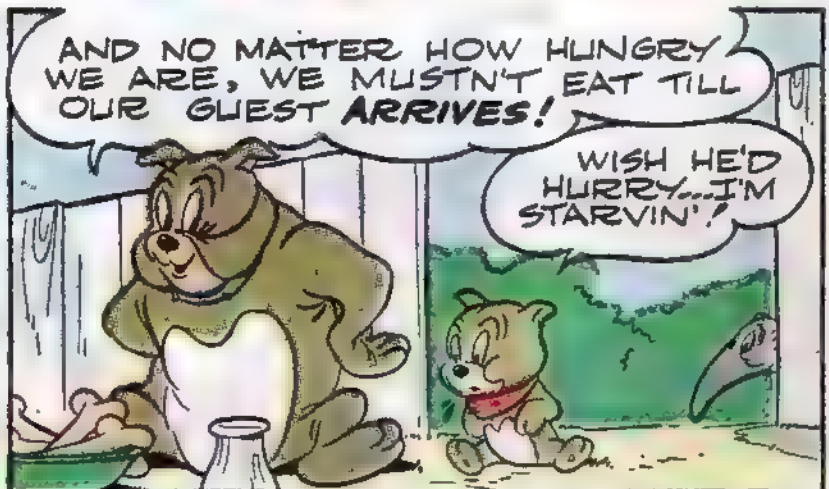
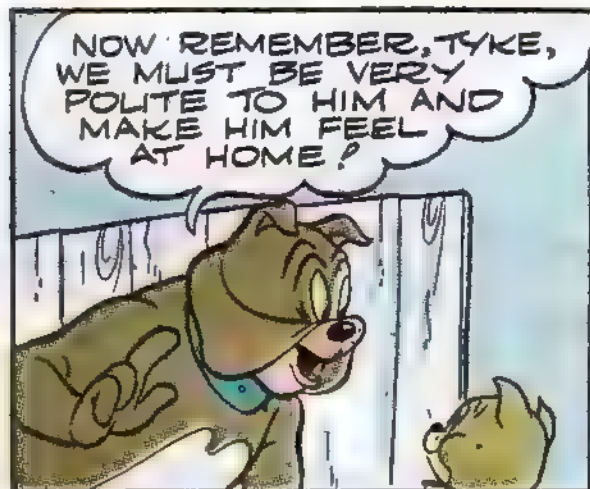
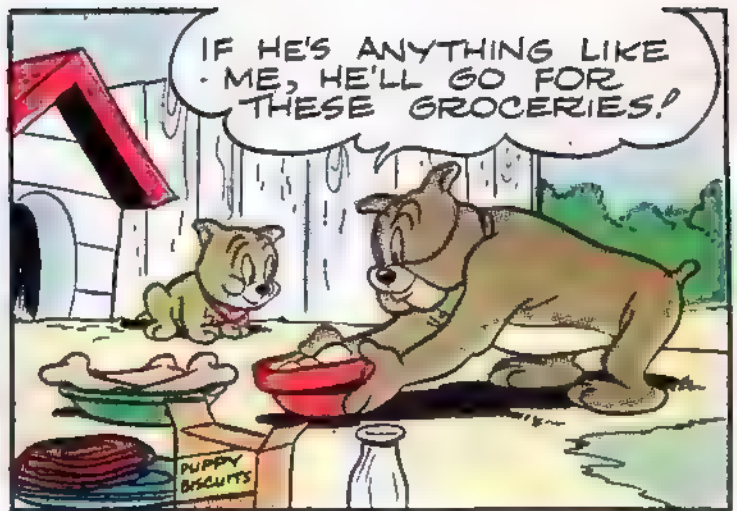
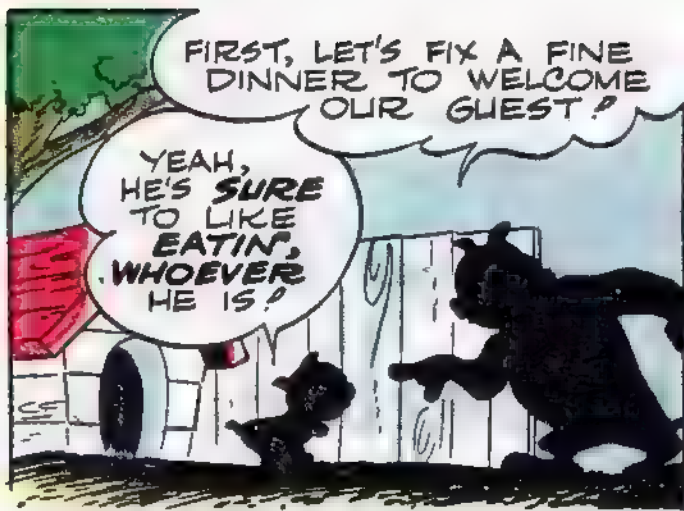
I SURE
HOPE WE CAN
HELP A
HOMELESS
HOUND!

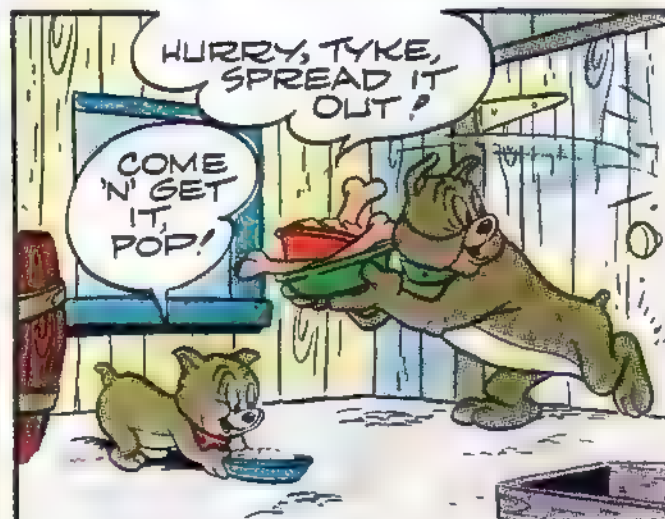
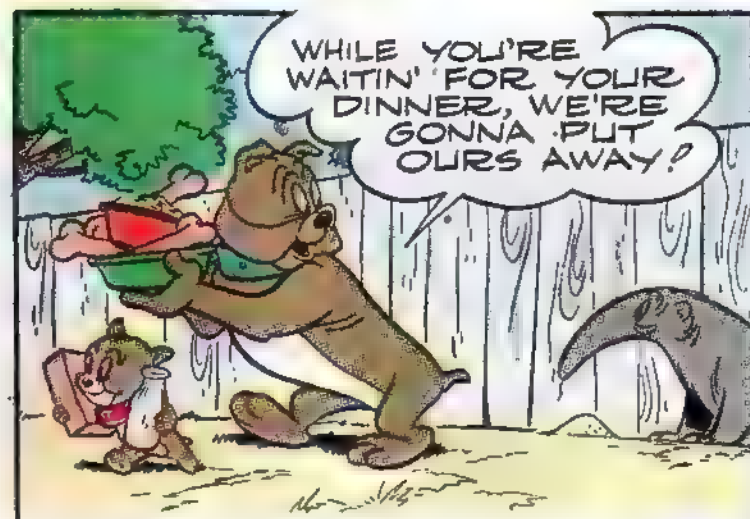
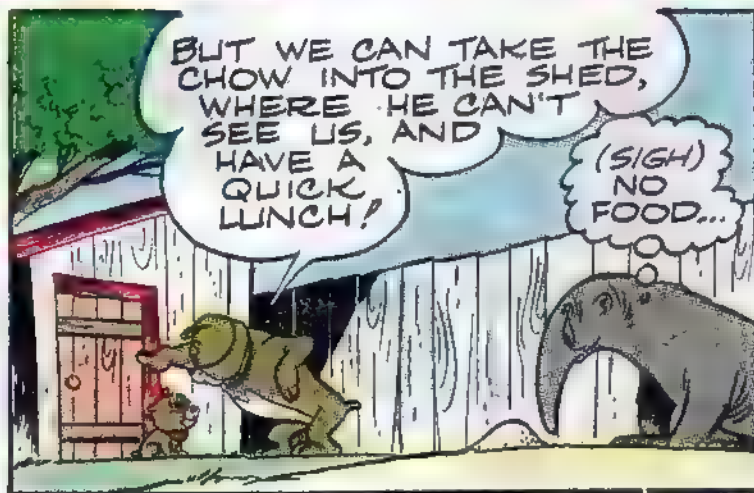
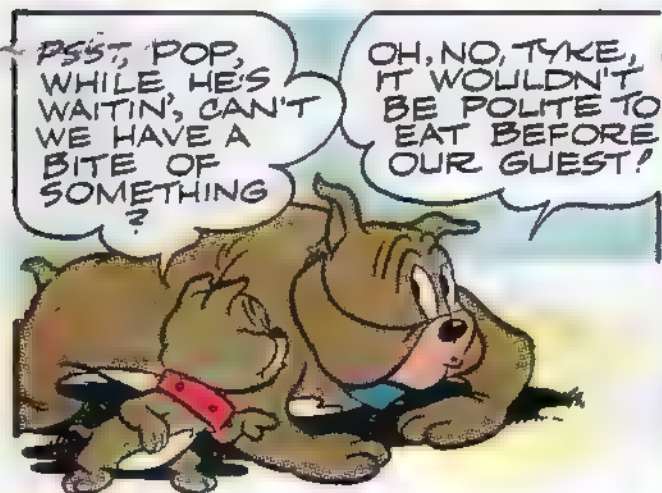
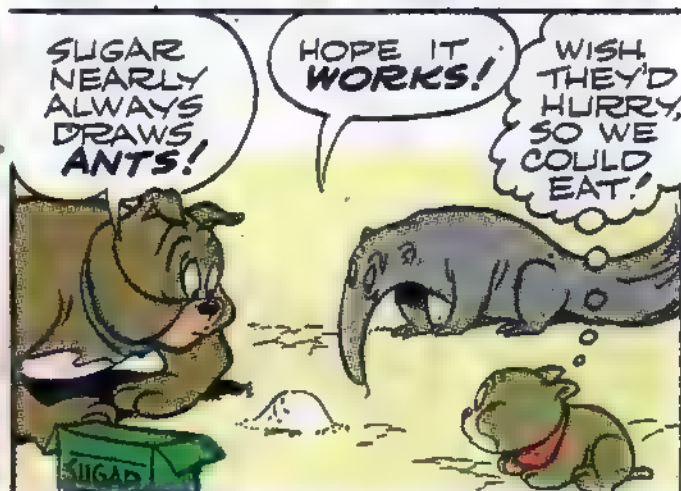
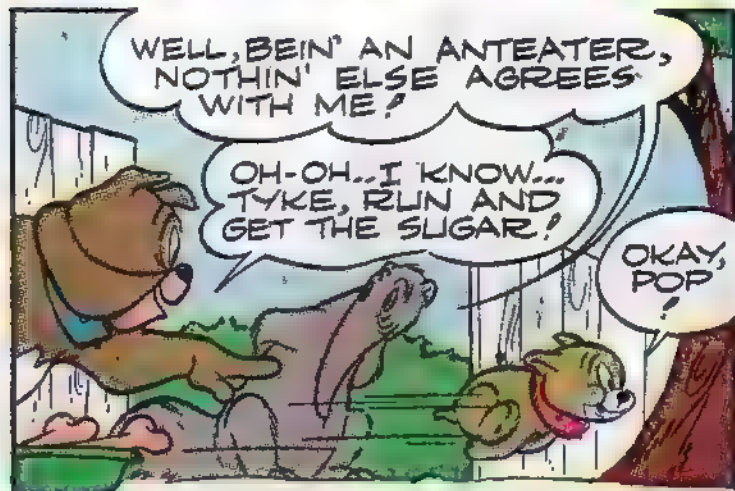
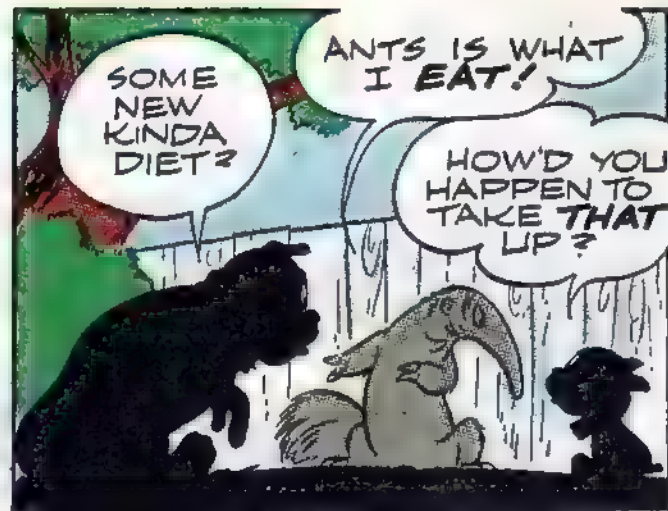
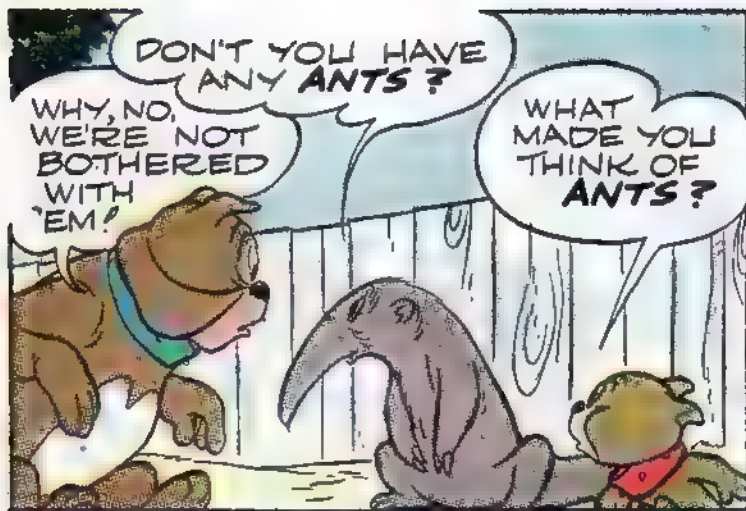
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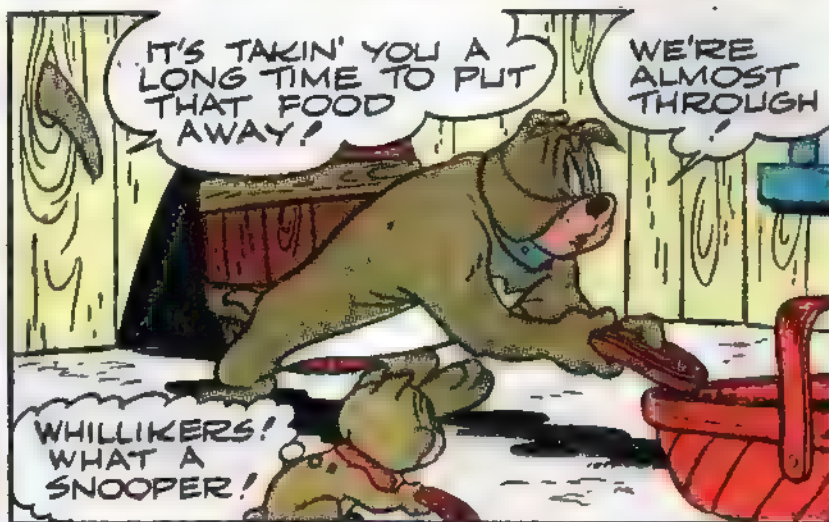
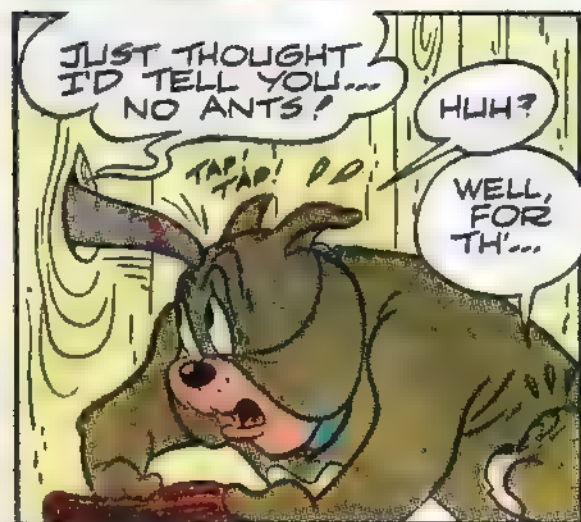
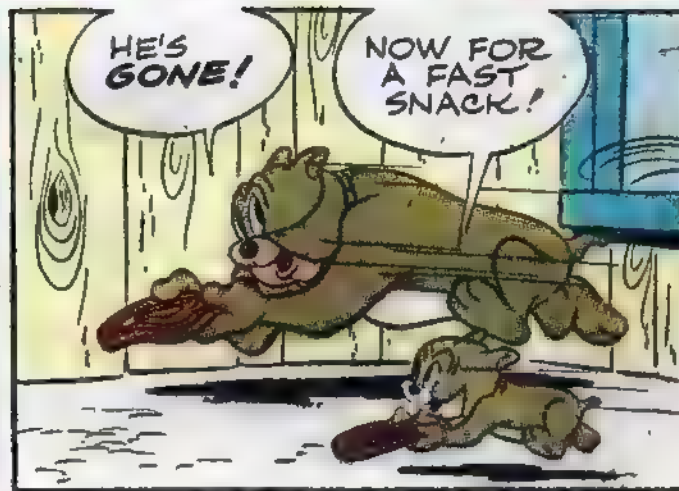
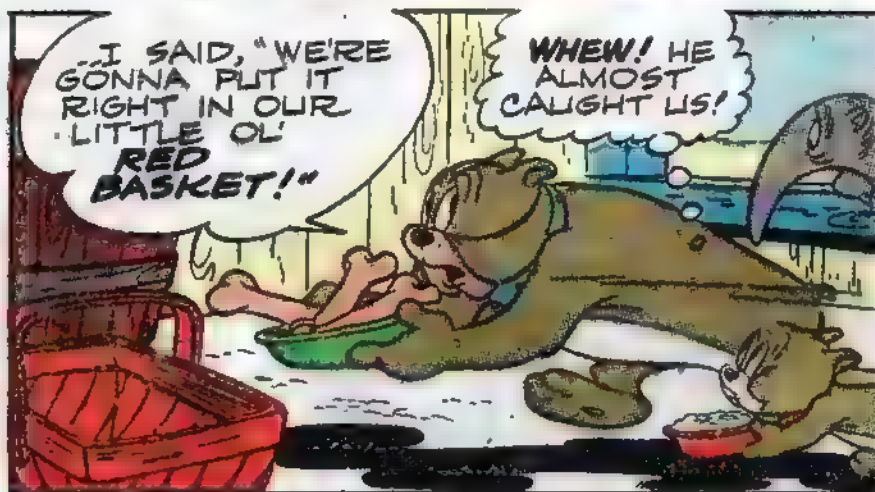
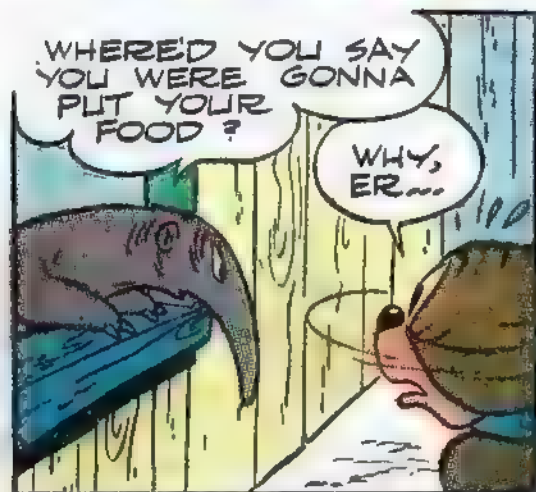
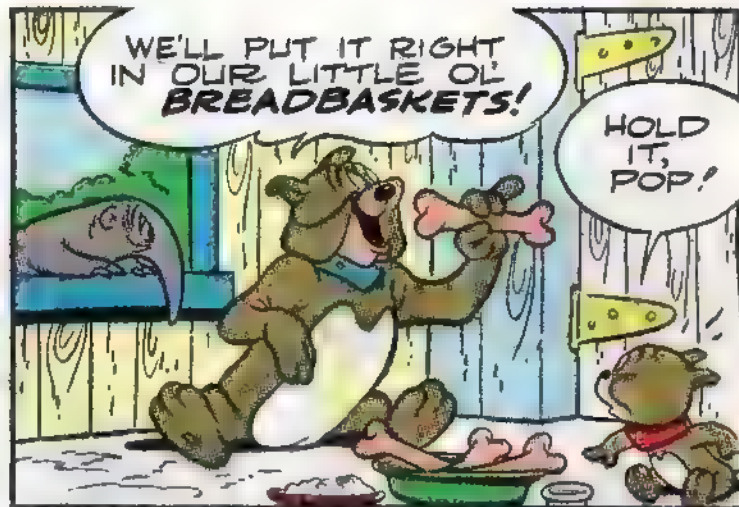
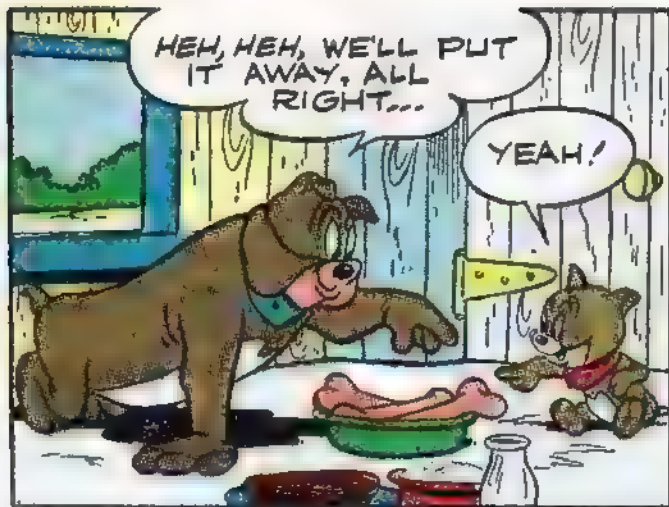
I'VE MADE ALL THE
ARRANGEMENTS! AN
ANIMAL WILL BE SENT
TO US LATER
TODAY!

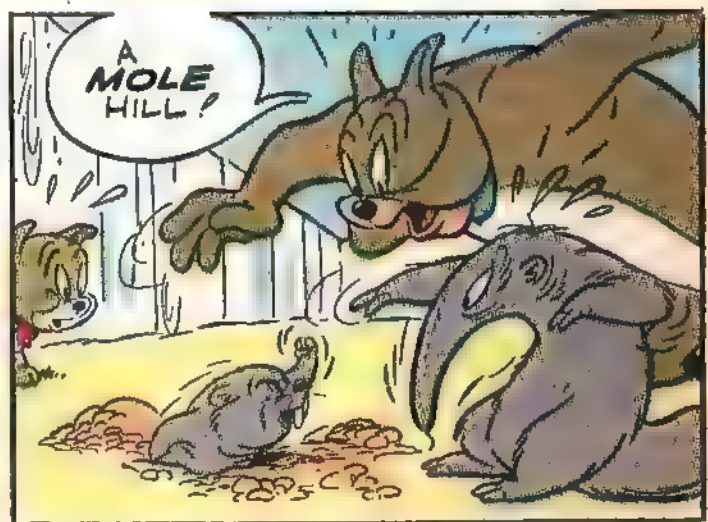
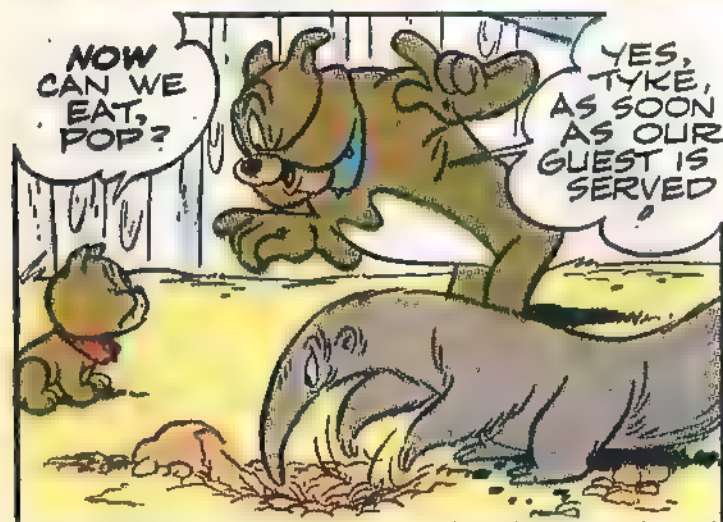
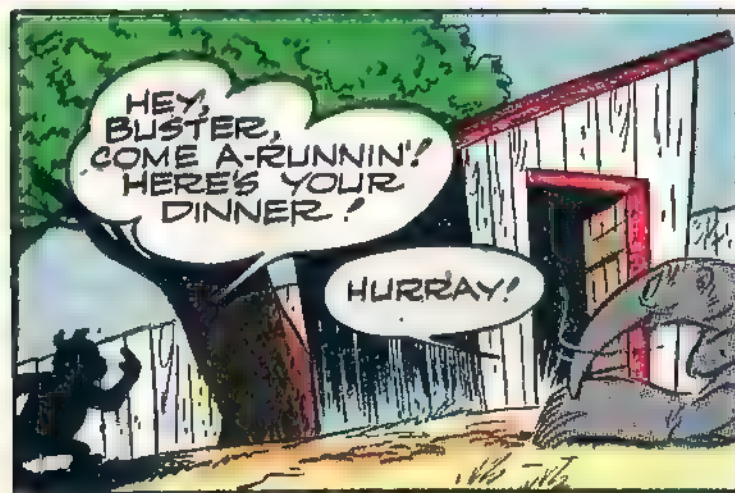
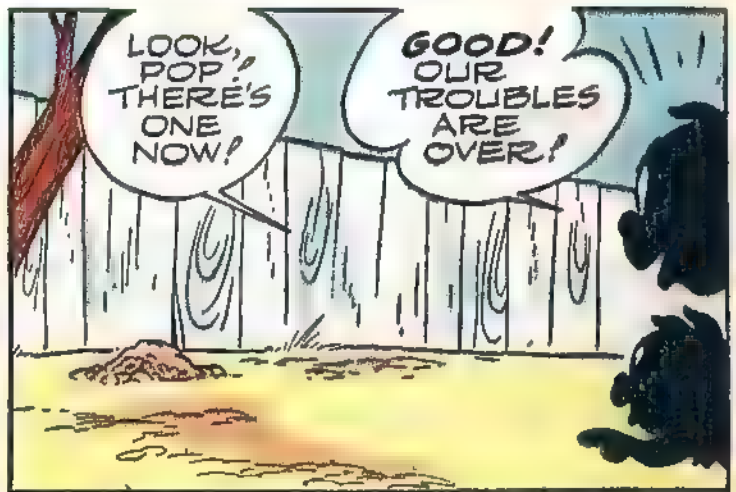
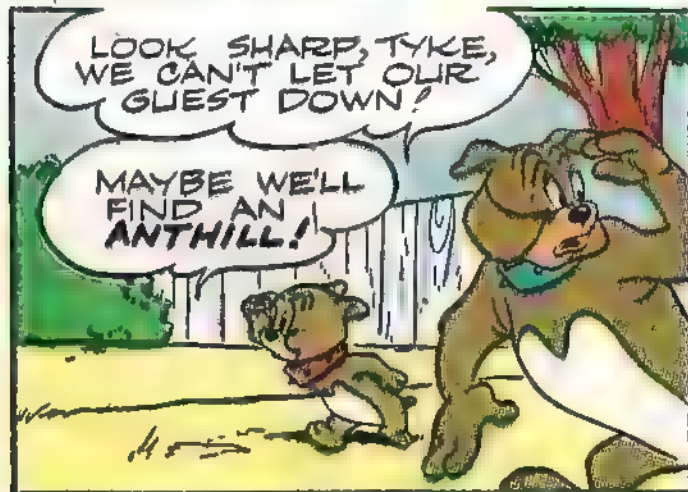
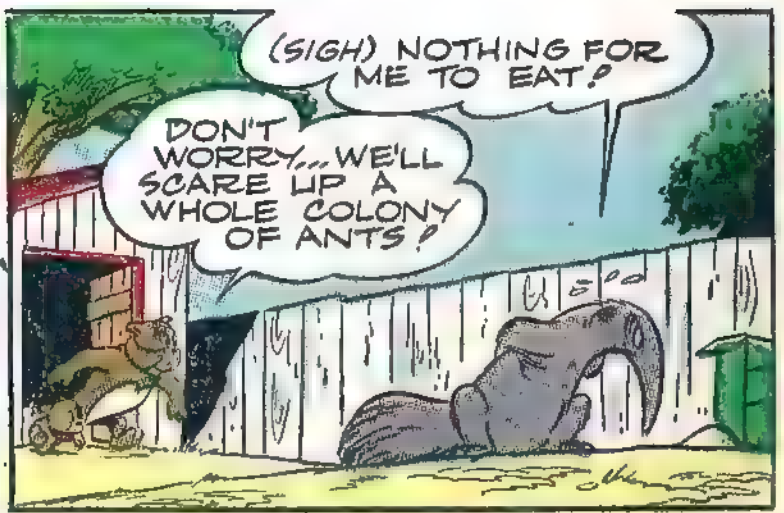
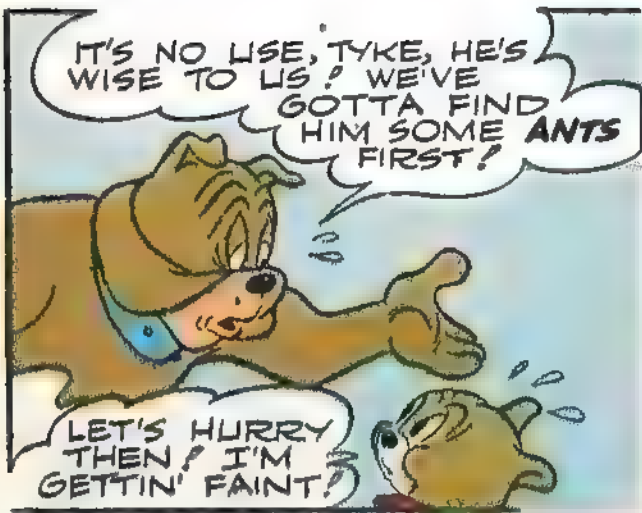
WHAT
KIND OF
ANIMAL'S
COMIN',
POP?

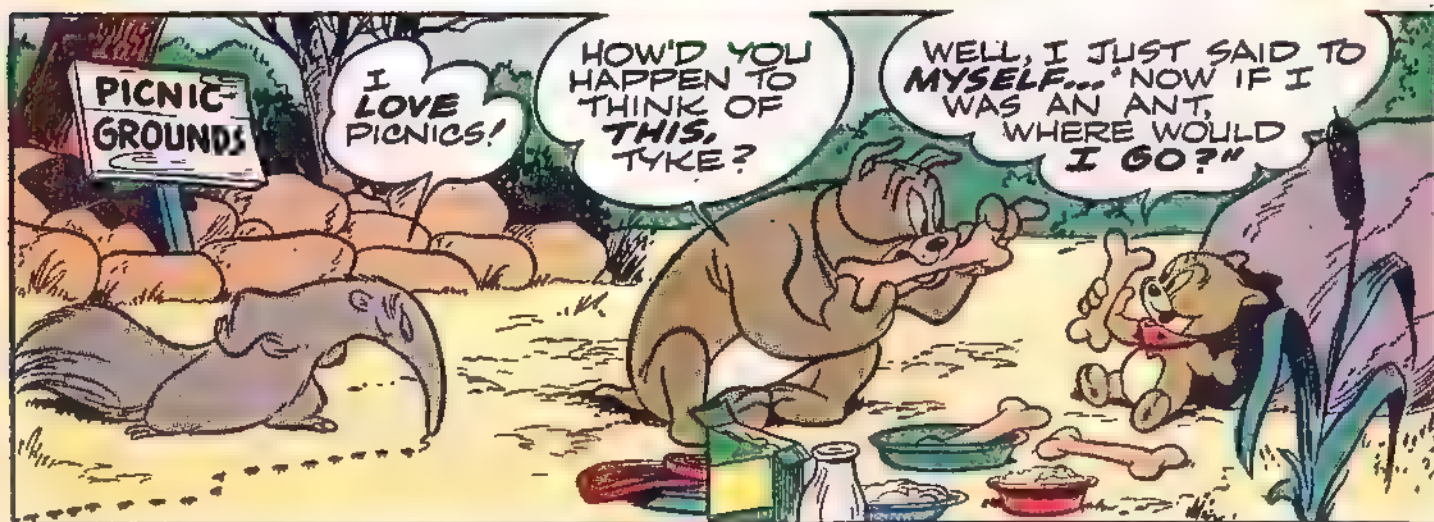
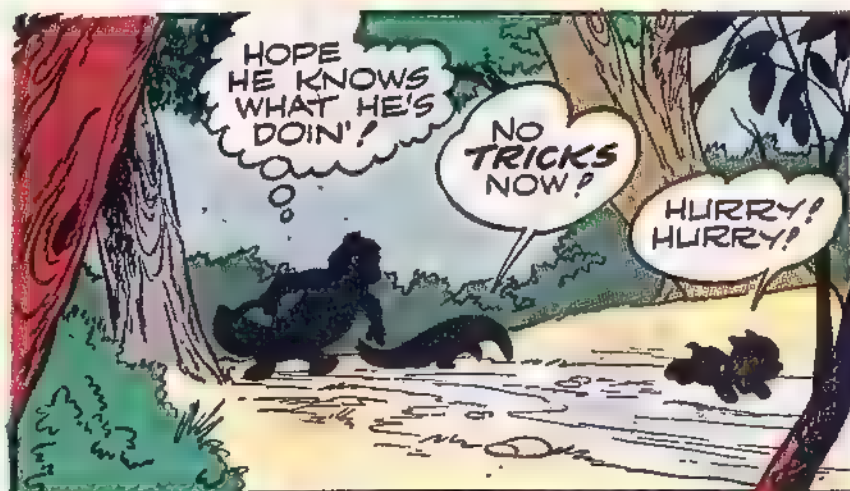
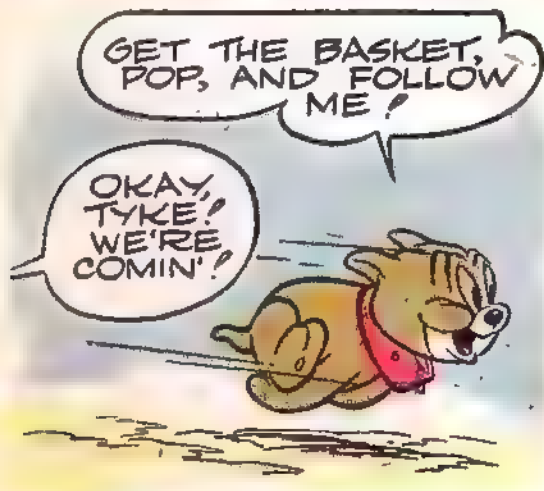
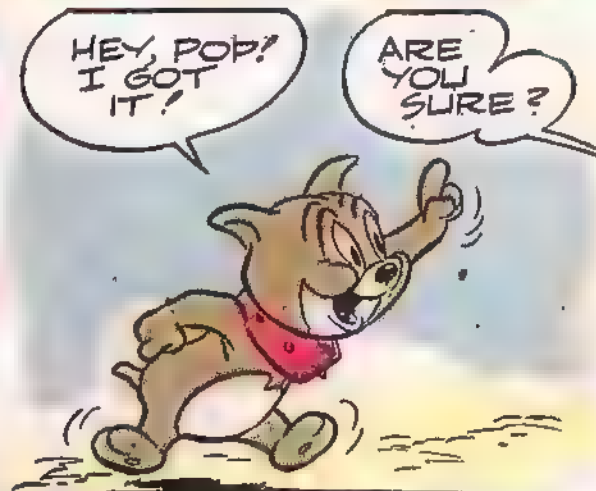
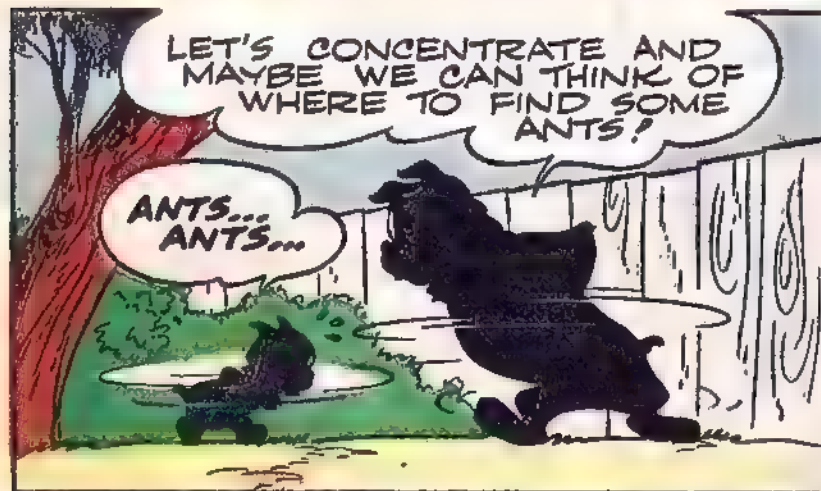
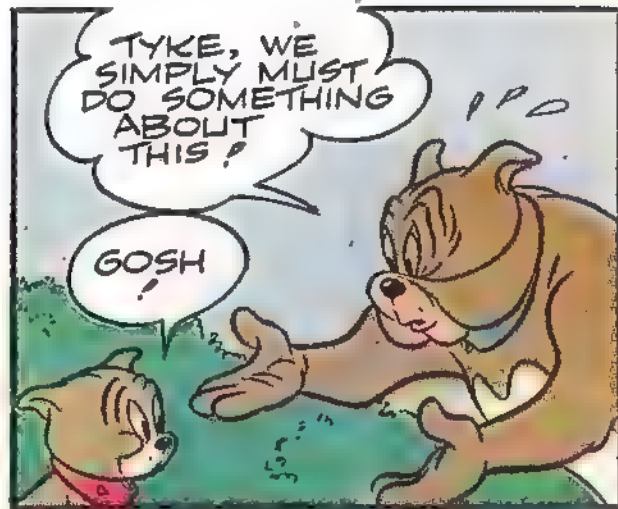
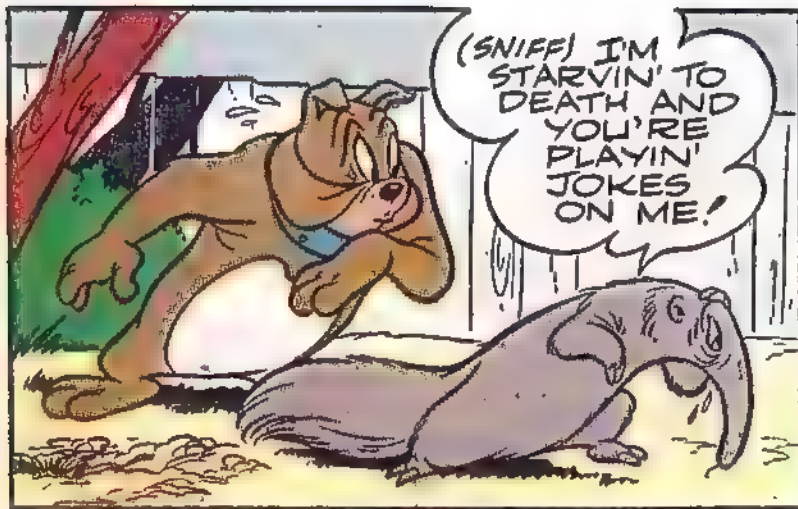
WON'T KNOW TILL HE
GETS THERE, TYKE,
BUT WE'D BETTER
GO HOME AND
PREPARE FOR
HIM!







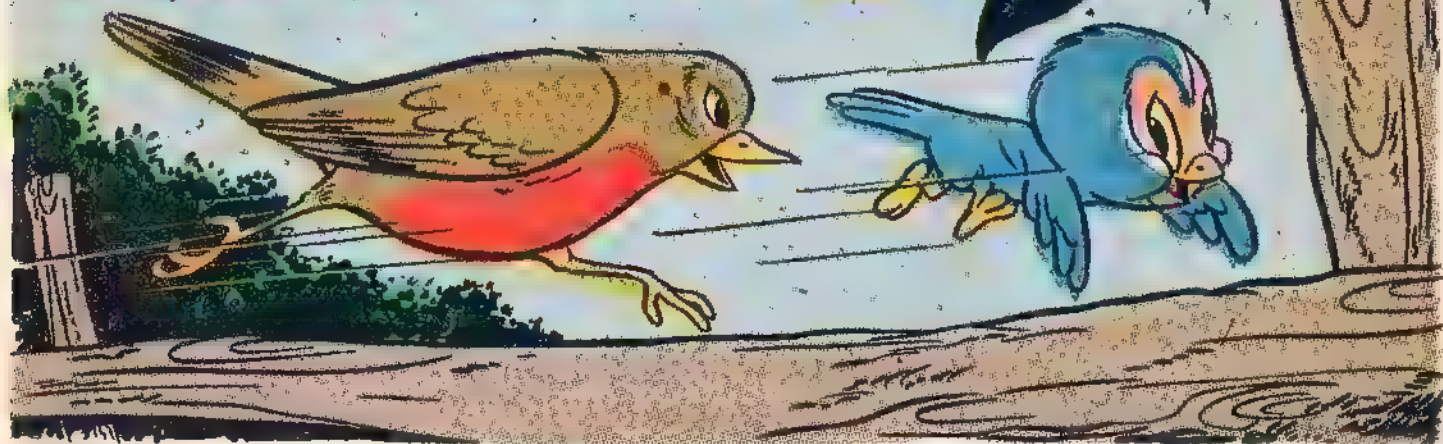




M-G-M-CARTOONS *present*

BERTIE BIRD'S

"LUNCH HOUR"



Bertie Bird and Red Robin were hopping along the top rail of a wooden fence in Apple Tree Lane. Twittering and chirping, now and then, they tried to push one another off.

Suddenly, Bertie stopped and turned to face his little friend. "I'm hungry!" he complained.

"Me, too!" said Red Robin.

"Let's fly over to the feeding tray at the White Cottage," suggested Bertie. "I'm too tired to dig for worms right now!"

"All right," chirped Red Robin. "I'll race you."

So the two little birds raced merrily to the White Cottage and lit upon the feeding tray side by side.

"Oooh!" chirped Bertie, peeping into a tin of sunflower seeds. "Isn't the Mistress of the Cottage NICE to give us this delicious food?"

Red Robin hastily gulped down a piece of suet. "Yes, we're certainly going to have a FEAST!" he answered.

But Red Robin was wrong. For, at that moment, they were startled by a shrill whistled scream from somewhere above them.

"W-What was that?" asked Red Robin with clattering bill.

"Sounded like a HAWK!" answered Bertie. "Let's get out of here!"

They flew quickly to the other side of the orchard and hid among the leaves of a peach tree. They waited and listened for a long time

but they heard no more screams.

"I guess he's gone," sighed Bertie, hopping cautiously out of their hiding place. They glanced all around. There was no hawk in sight. So they boldly flew back to the feeding tray.

But they had no sooner gobbled up their first bite of food, when, once again, came that same terrifying scream. And back to the peach tree whizzed Bertie and Red Robin.

This time, Bertie was more angry than scared. "I'm going right back!" he said. "No old hawk is going to chase ME away from my lunch!"

"Oh, Bertie!" gasped Red Robin. "You wouldn't DARE!"

"Wouldn't I?" Bertie spread his wings and took off.

Red Robin flew after him calling, "Bertie! Come back!". But Bertie paid no attention. And, before they knew it, they were both back on the feeding tray.

Since Mister Hawk was nowhere in sight, Bertie felt mighty brave. "It's a good thing that hawk isn't here!" he stated. "I'd show him a thing or two!"

"Like what?" asked Red Robin, glancing nervously over his left wing.

"Why, I'd just let him scream at me all he wanted to," bragged Bertie. "And I wouldn't budge an inch! That would show him he couldn't scare me — by screaming, that is!"

'Course, if he came after me — why, then, I guess I'd fly away!"

After this courageous speech, Bertie went back to his lunch of suet, crumbs and sunflower seeds. Watching him, Red Robin gained a little courage, too. And, after awhile, began to enjoy his lunch.

Suddenly, the scream came again. This time, it sounded as if the hawk was nearer than ever. Brave little Bertie grabbed Red Robin. Down under the tray they scrambled, hiding on a piece of wood which held the tray to the window sill.

Shivering with fright, they waited and listened. Presently, on the tray above them, they heard the peck, peck, peck of a sharp bill. "Why," gasped Red Robin. "He's right ABOVE us!"

"Shhh!" whispered Bertie. "He'll hear you!"

While the pecking sound continued, the two little birds tried to think of some way to escape without being seen.

"Maybe we could hop along the side of the hedge," suggested Red Robin. "And sneak out through the hole in the fence the dog uses!"

But Bertie was wiser. "No, we couldn't," he answered. "The hawk would see us before we had taken two hops."

Red Robin sighed. "You're right, Bertie. I guess we're stuck here until that pesty hawk

flies away."

At that moment the pecking sound stopped. Bertie and Red Robin looked at one another questioningly. Was he gone?

"We'd better make sure," cautioned Bertie. "A hawk is a very tricky fellow!"

So they moved quietly along the piece of wood upon which they had been hiding. And peeped cautiously up over the edge of the tray. Then, got the shock of their lives. For, it was not a terrifying hawk at all who stood in the middle of the tray looking back at them. It was that mimicing rascal, Benny Blue Jay.

"He, he, he!" twittered Benny. "I sure scared you with my imitation of a hawk, didn't I?"

"No, you didn't!" snapped Red Robin crossly. "We knew it was you all the time. YOU couldn't scare anybody!"

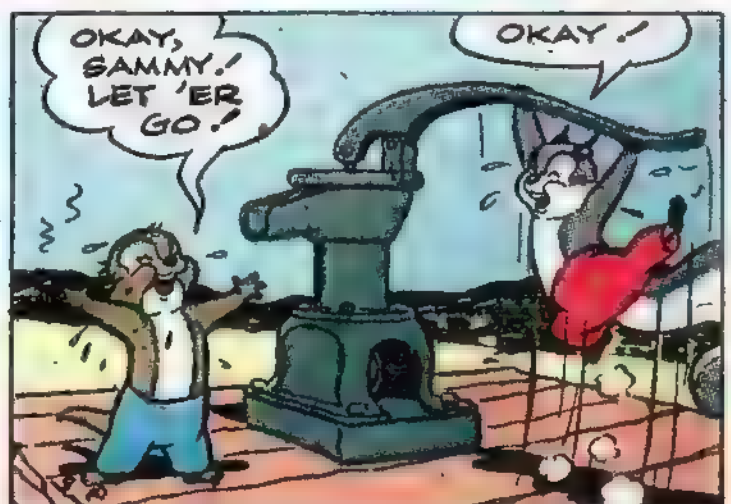
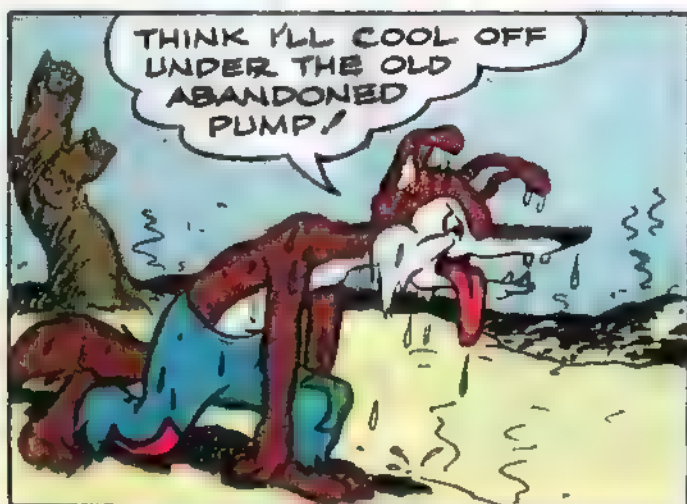
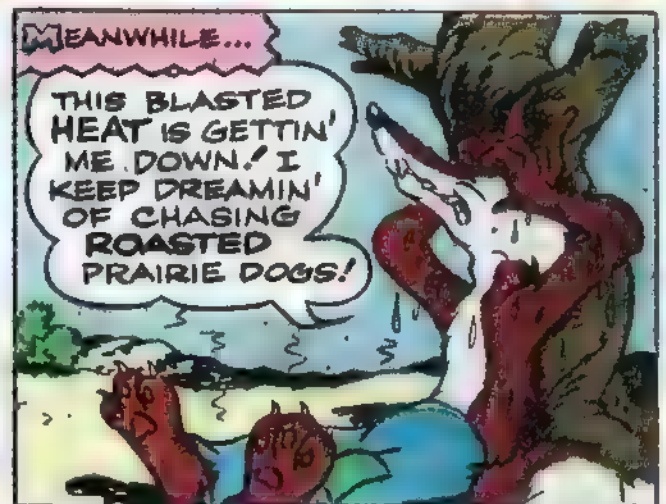
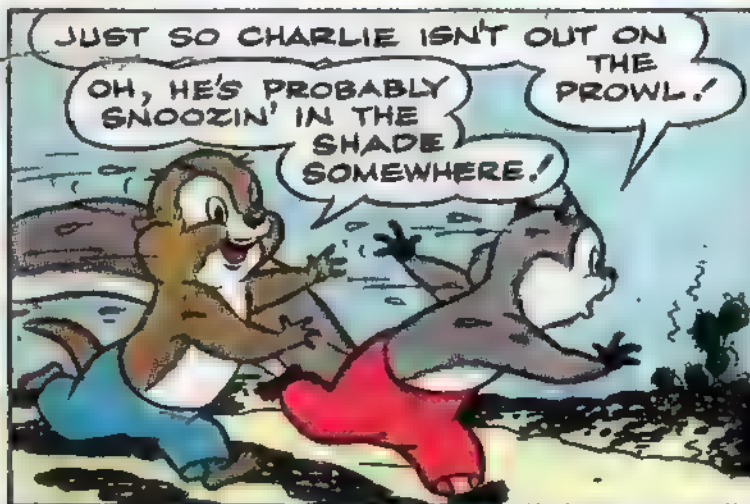
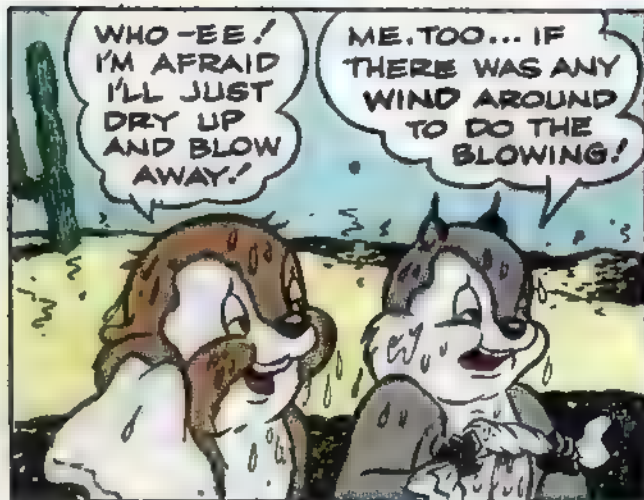
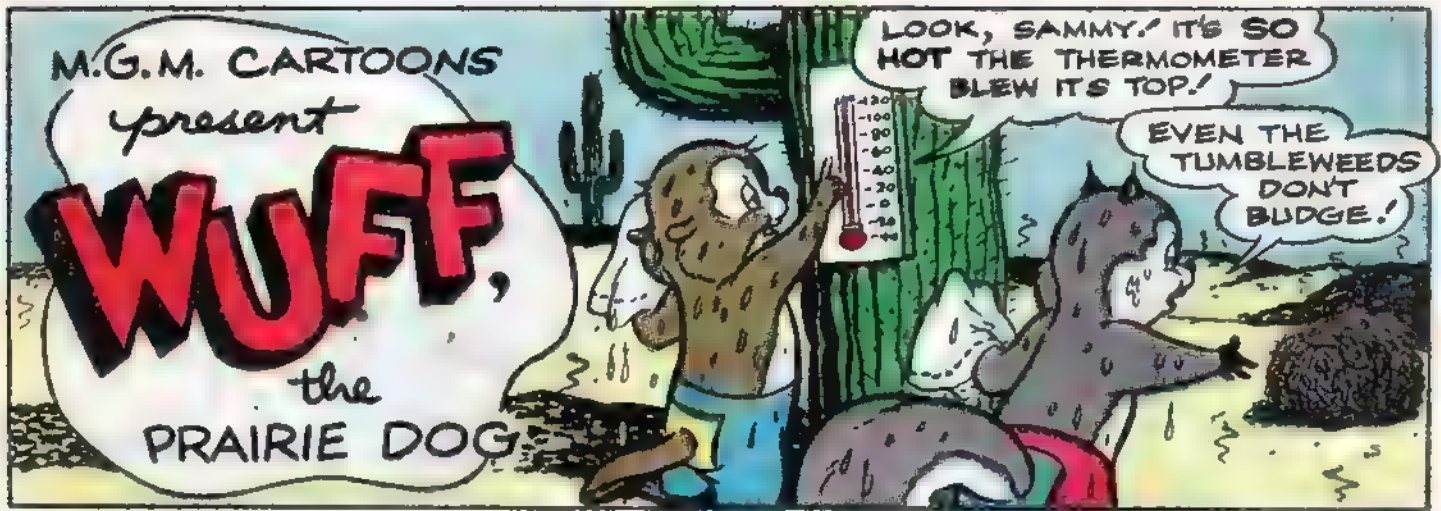
"You're just a big clown," chirped Bertie.

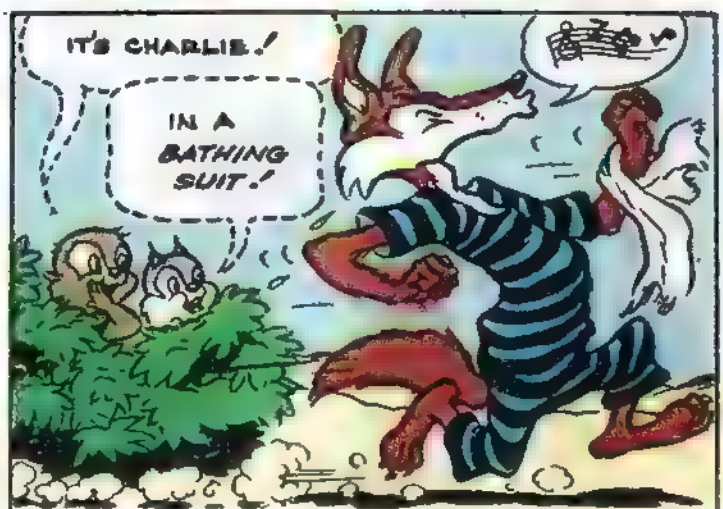
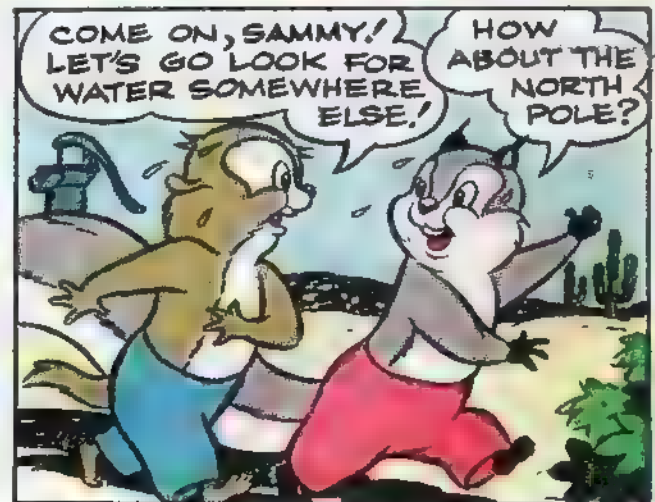
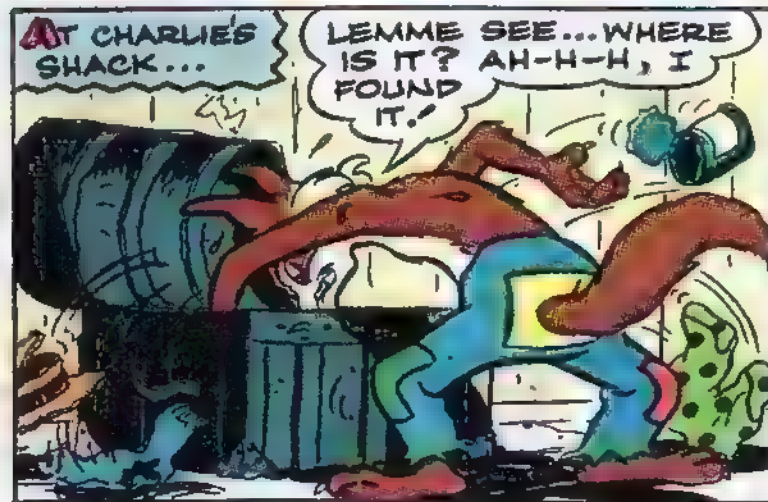
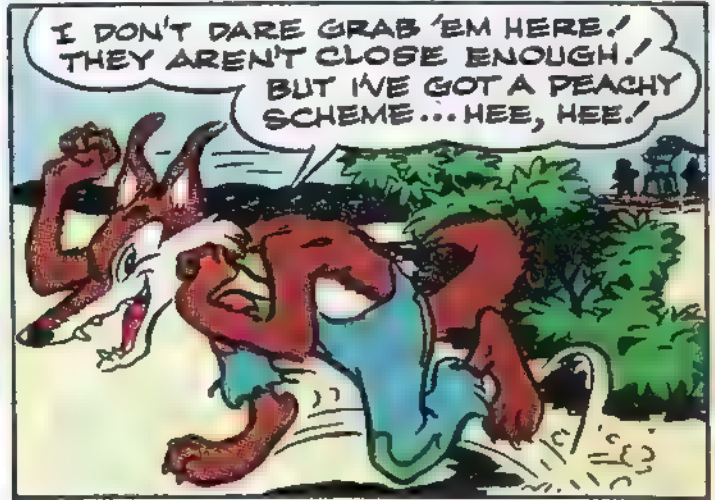
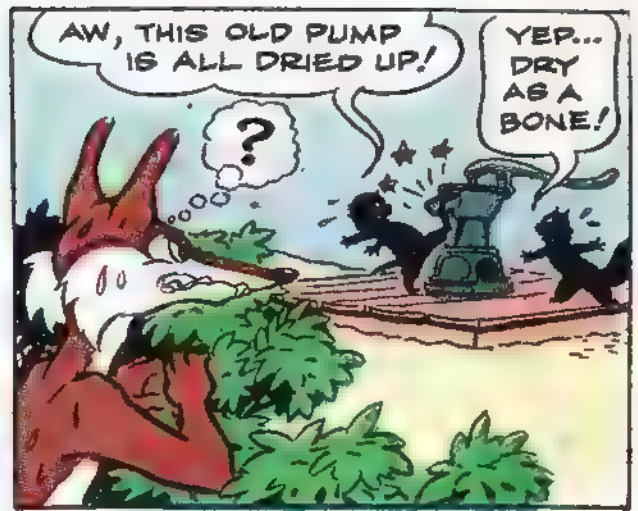
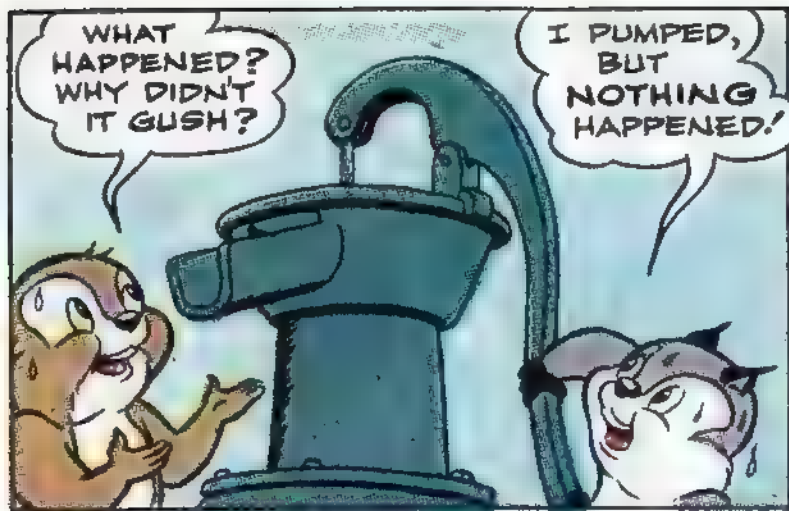
This made Benny chuckle all the more. His body quivered with mirth. But Bertie and Red Robin were not one bit amused.

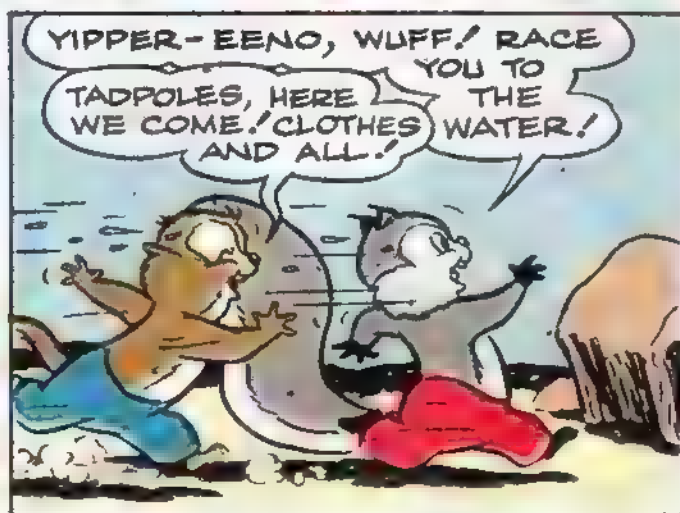
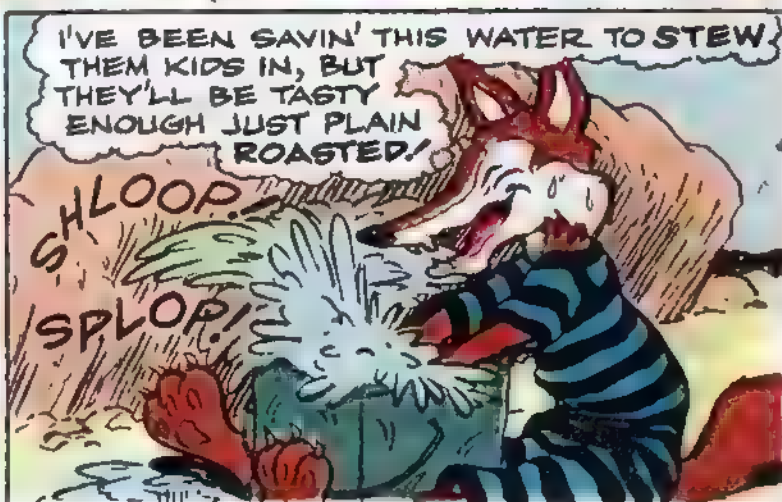
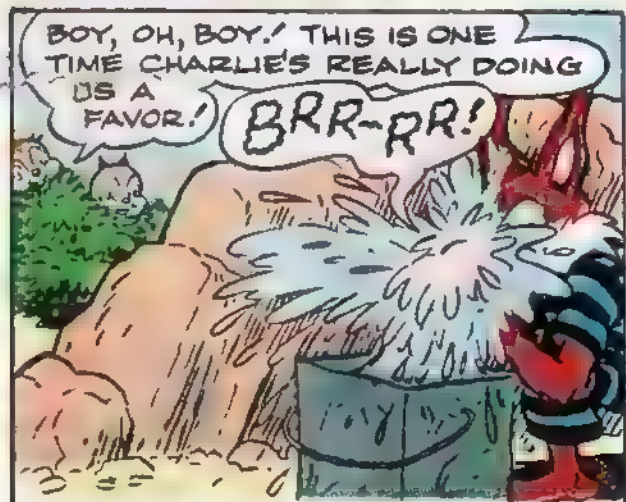
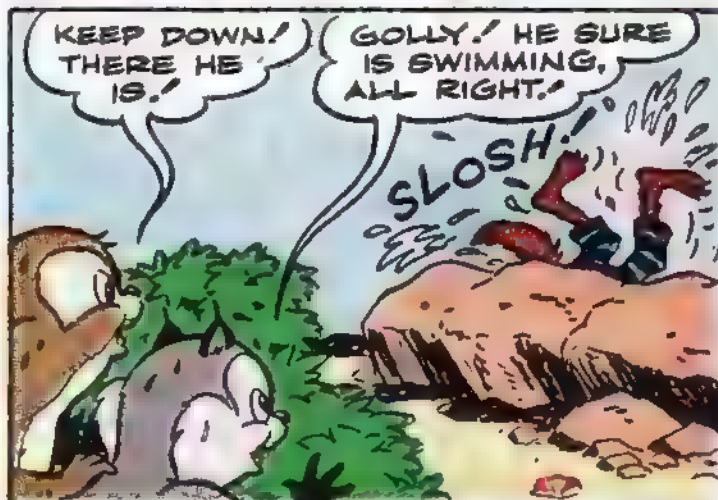
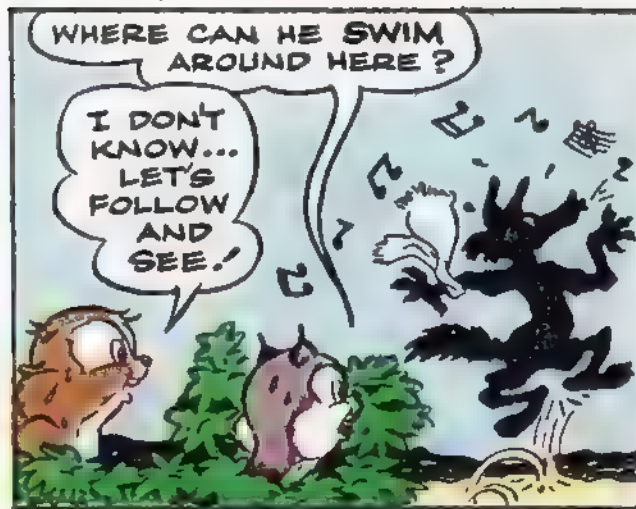
"Come on, Red Robin," said Bertie. "Let's dig for worms, after all."

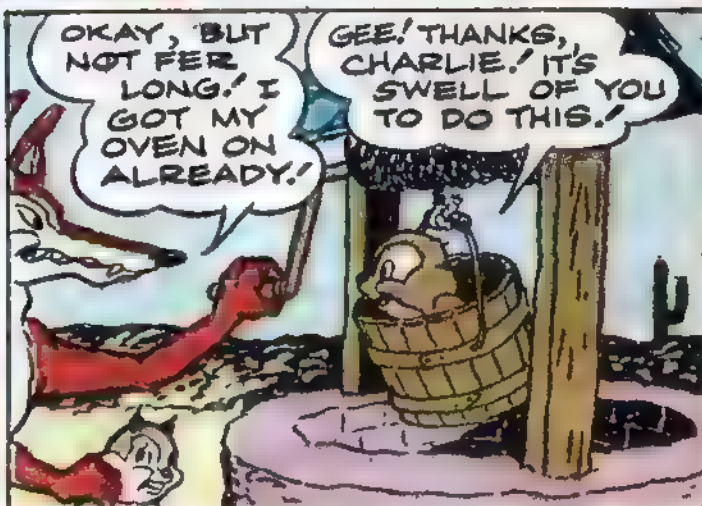
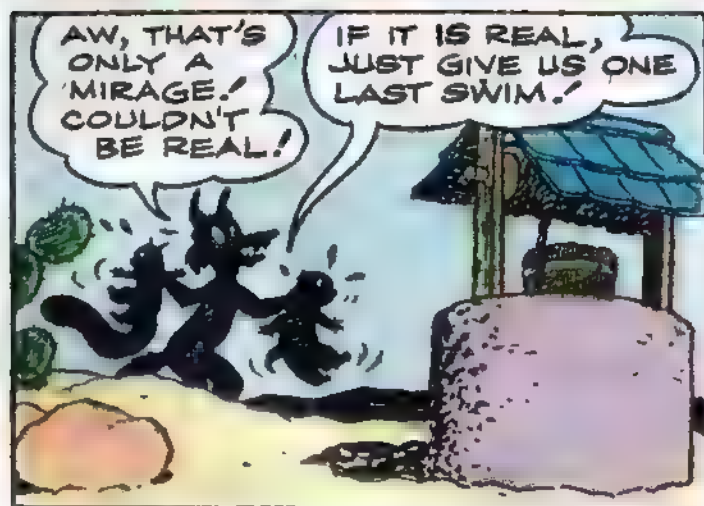
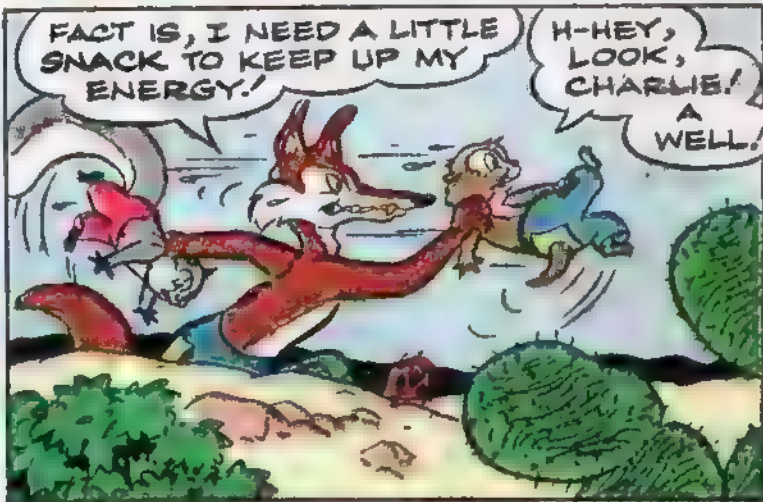
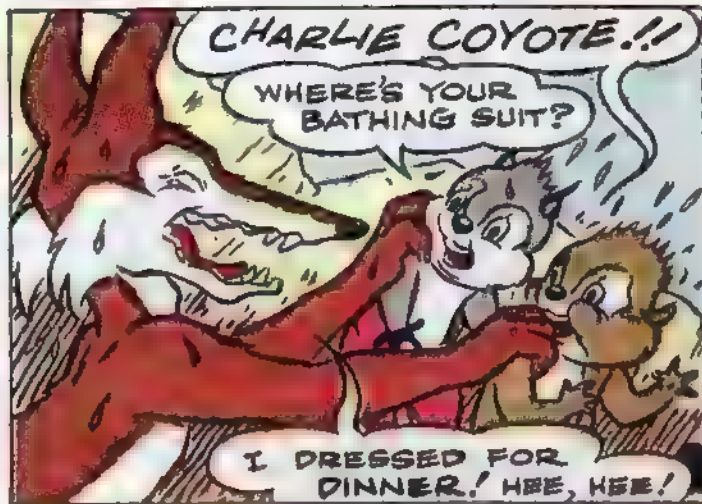
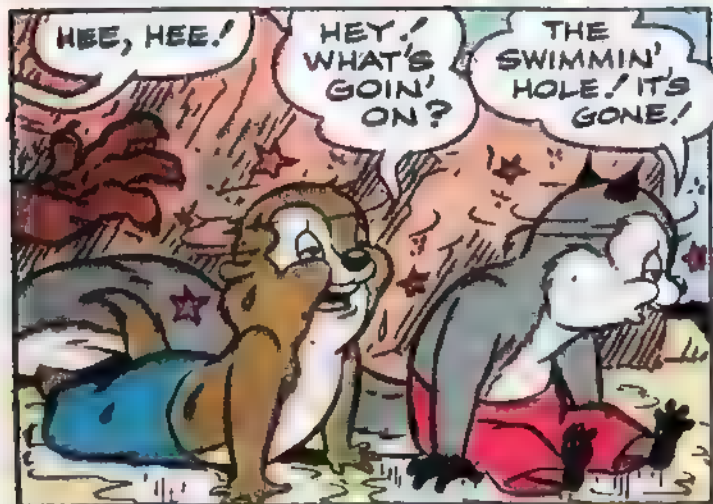
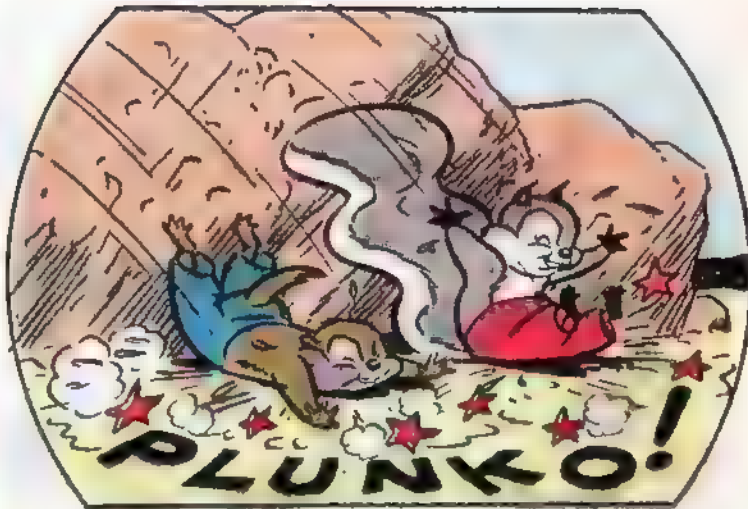
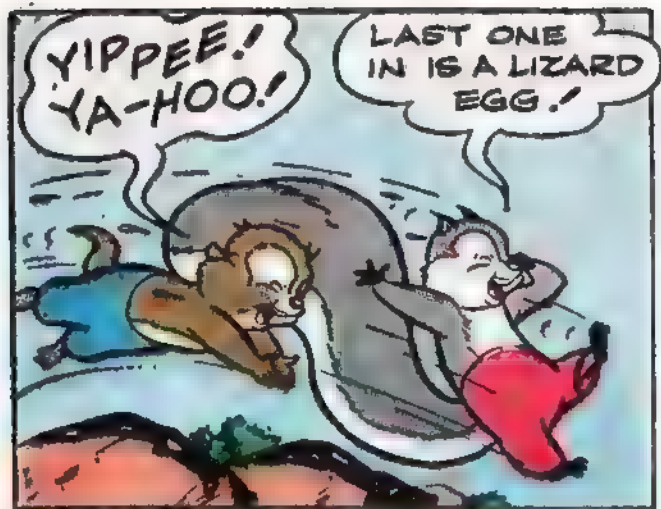
Away the two little birds flew to the opposite side of the orchard. And, after a while, they forgot all about naughty Benny and his mean joke as they happily lunched on big fat worms.

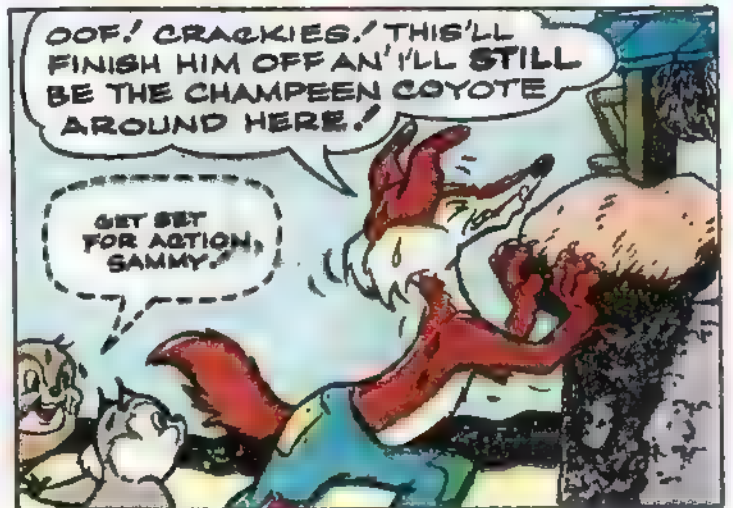
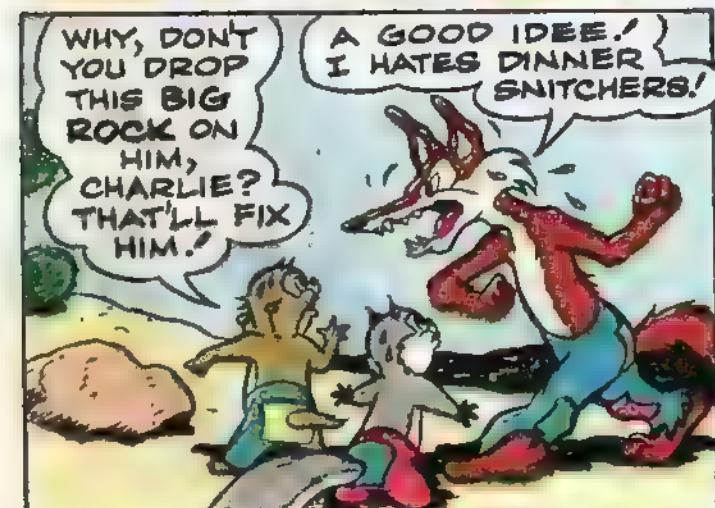
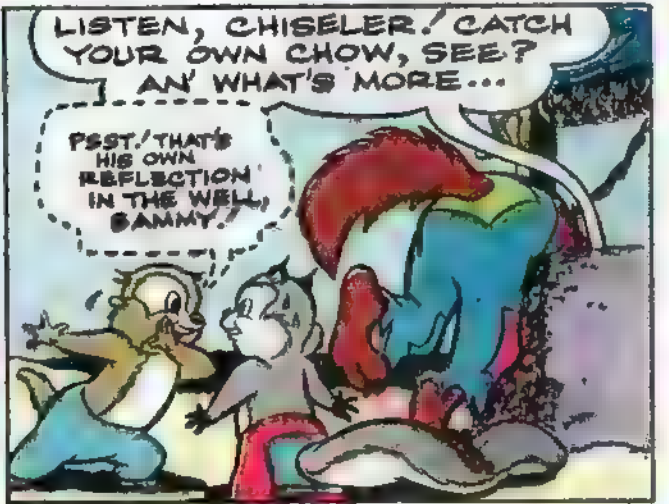
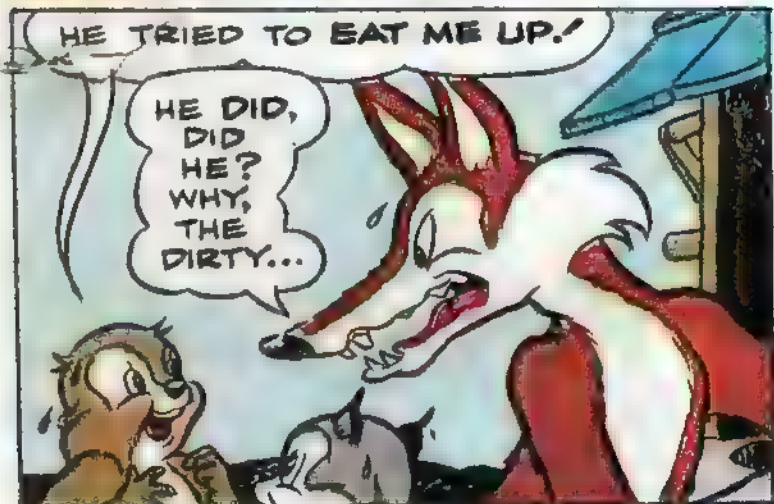
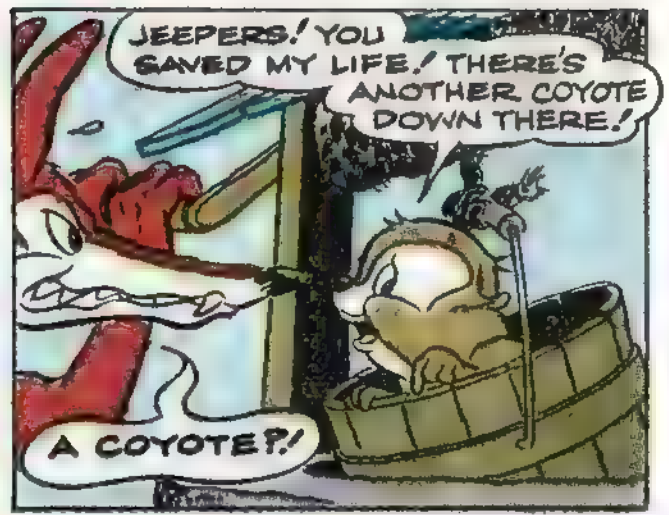
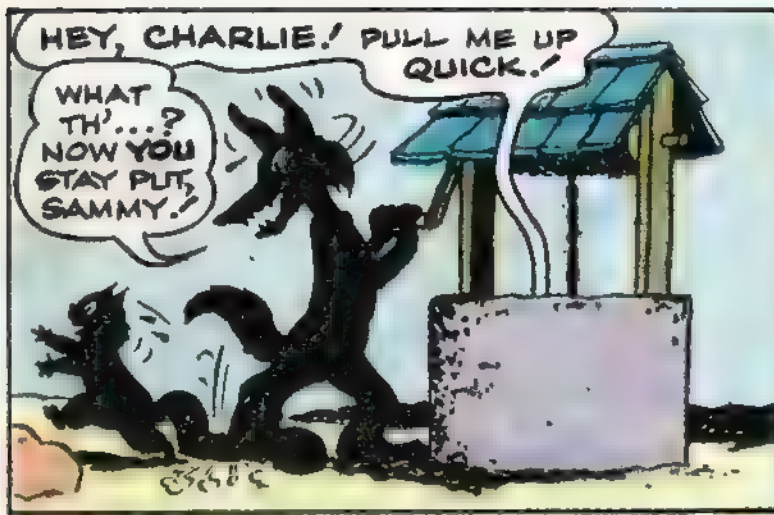


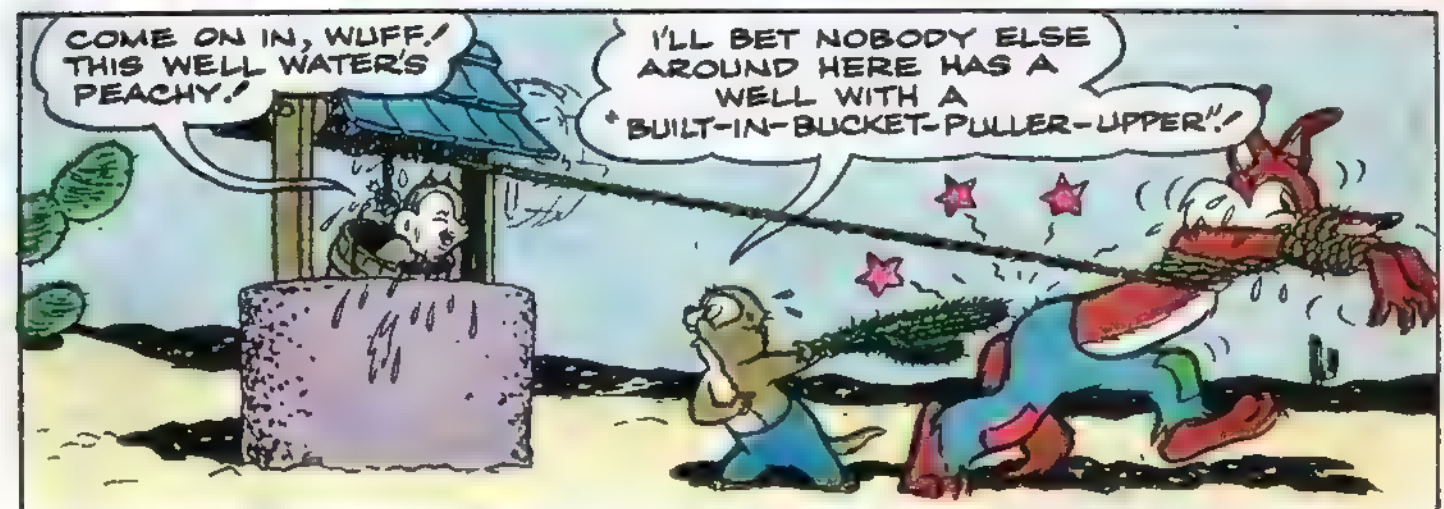
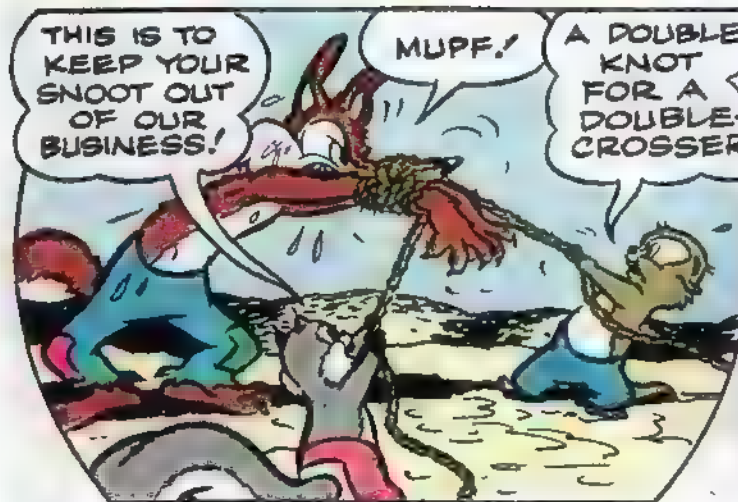
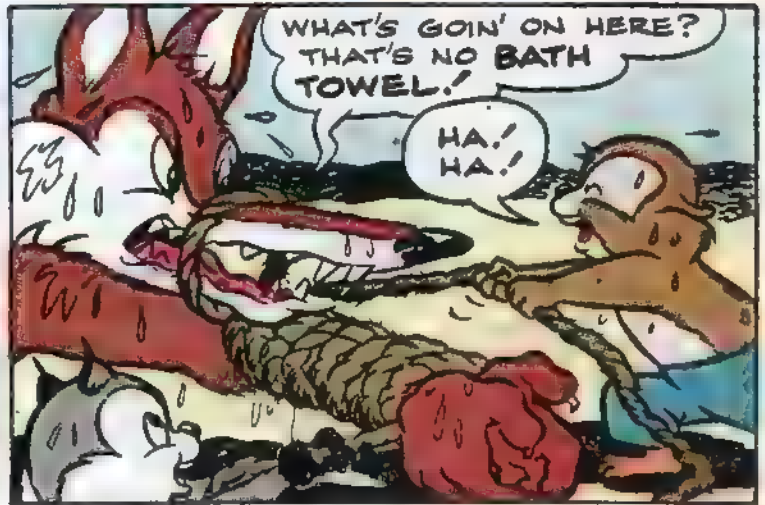
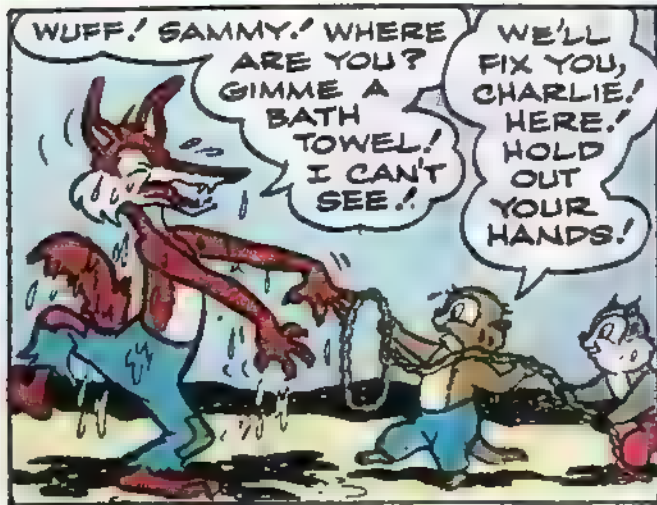
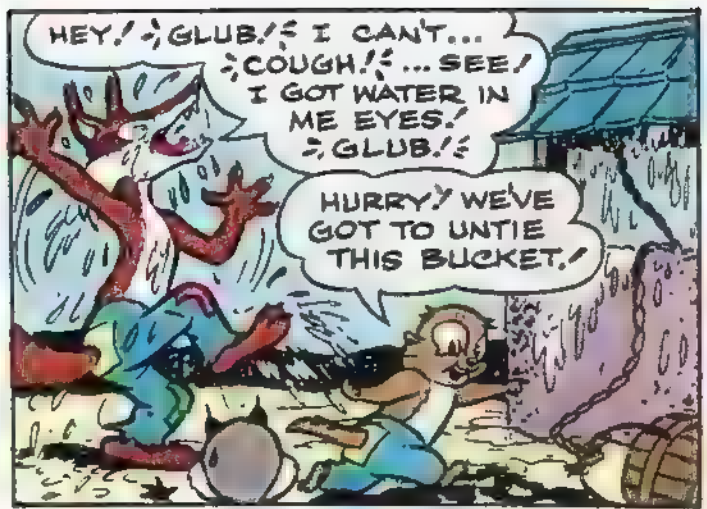
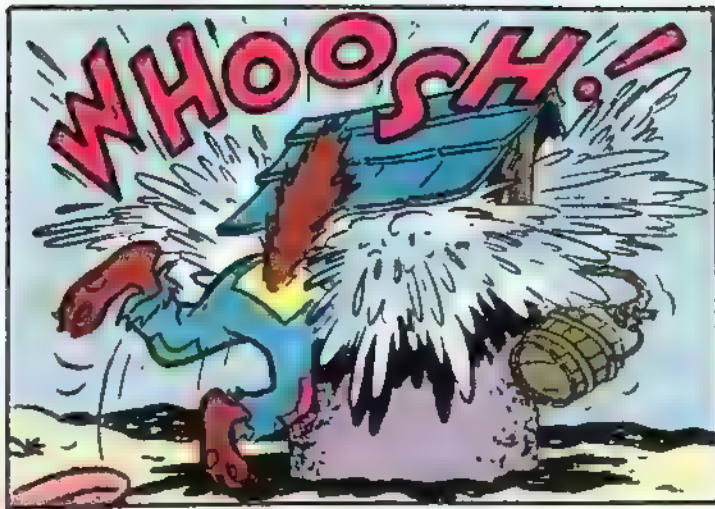


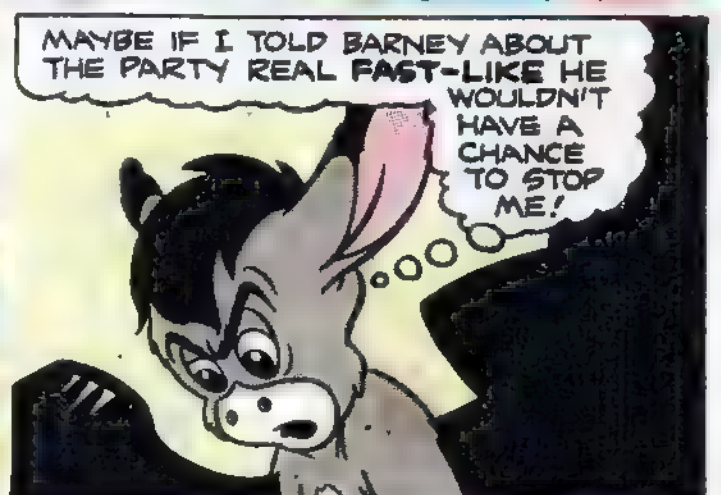
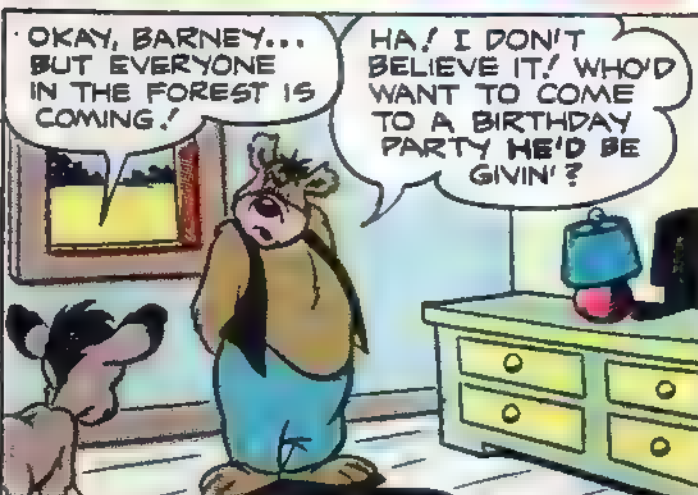
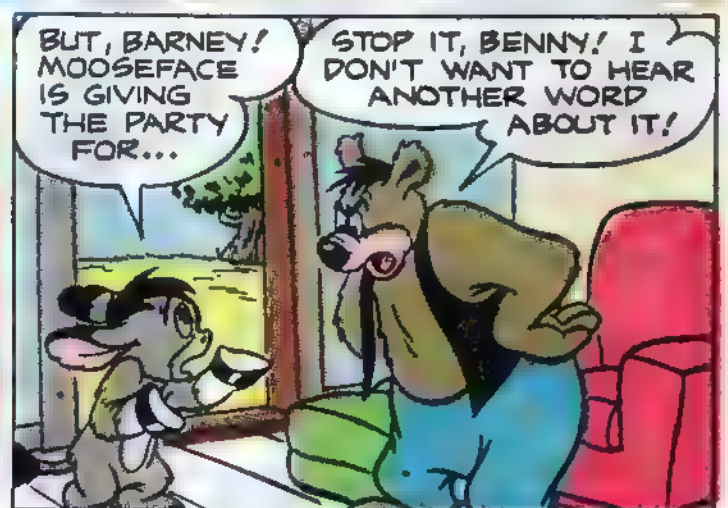
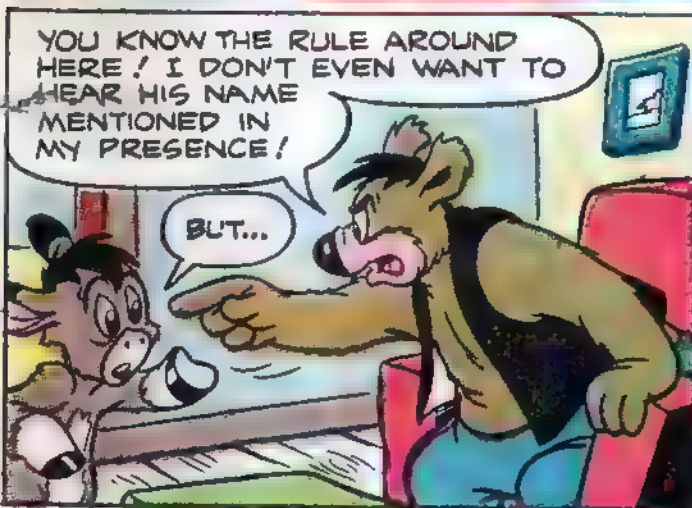
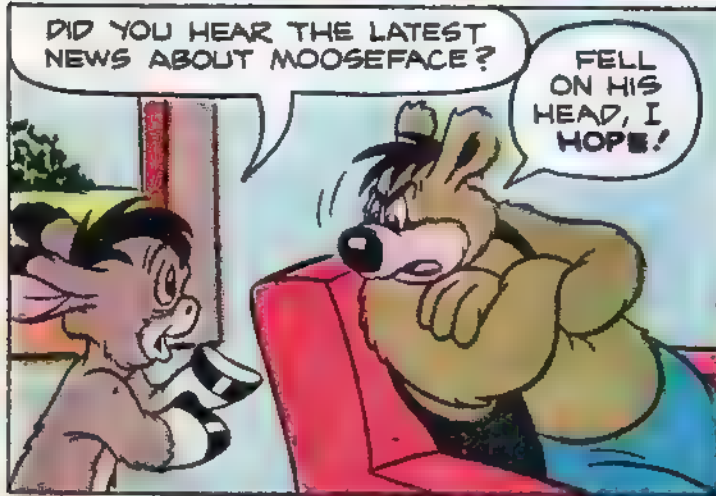
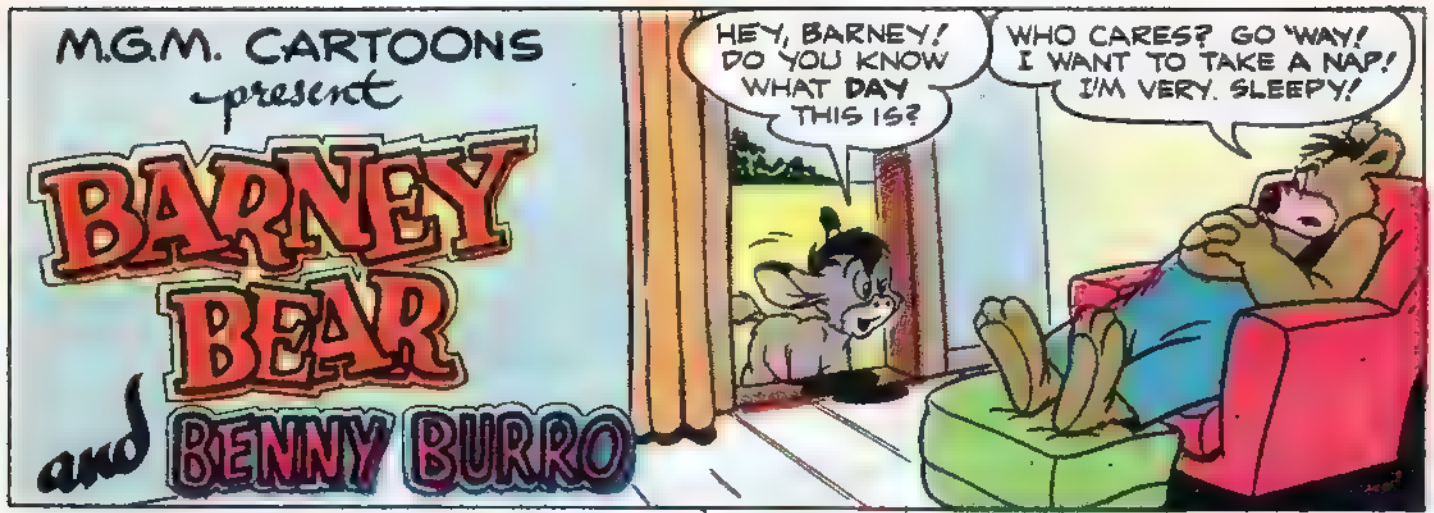


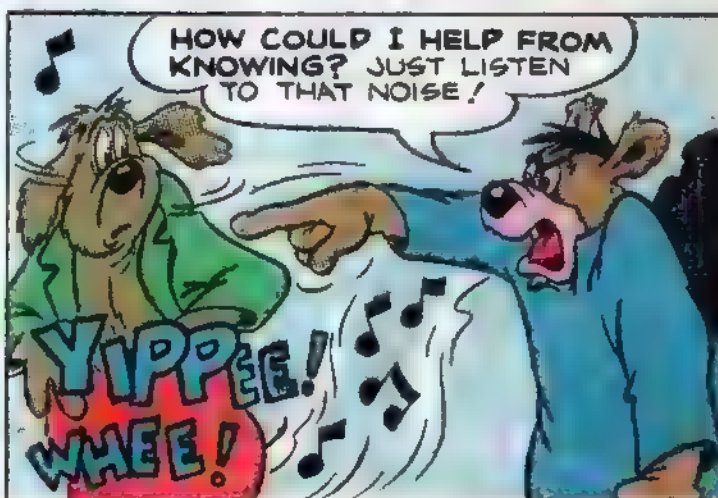
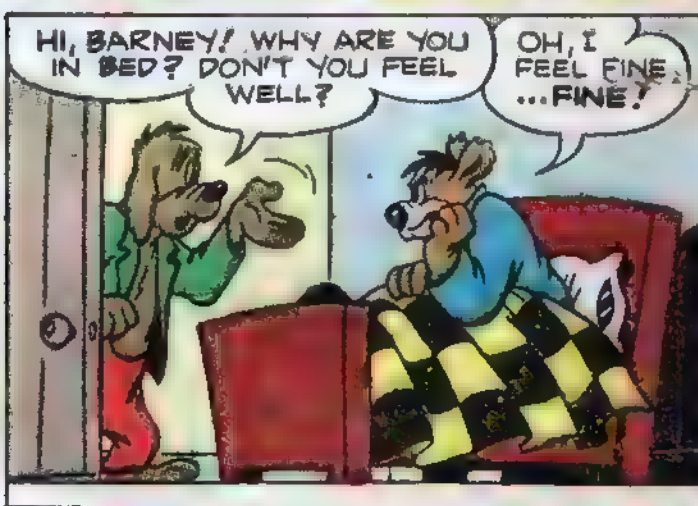
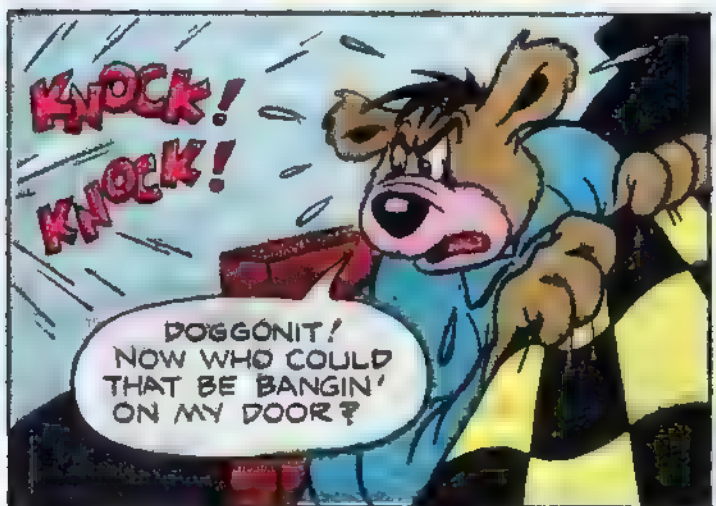
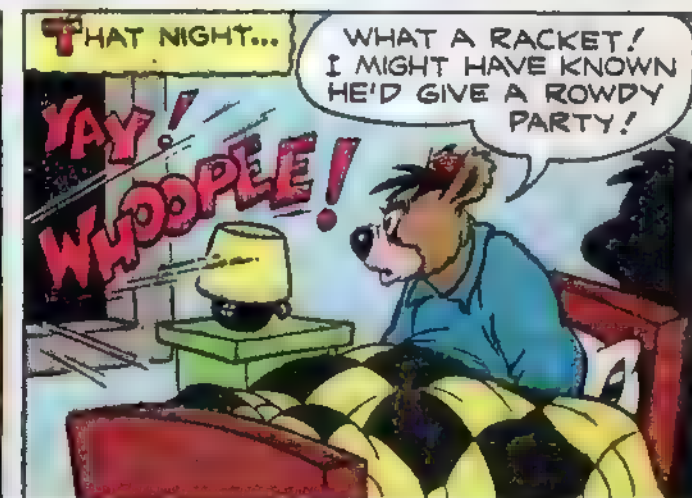
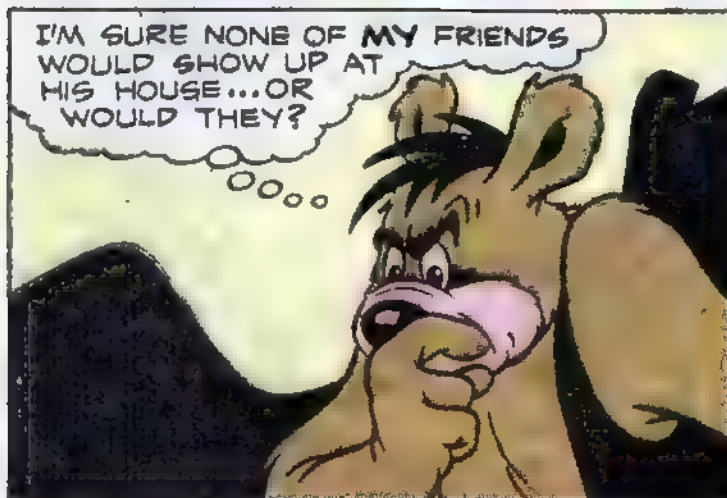
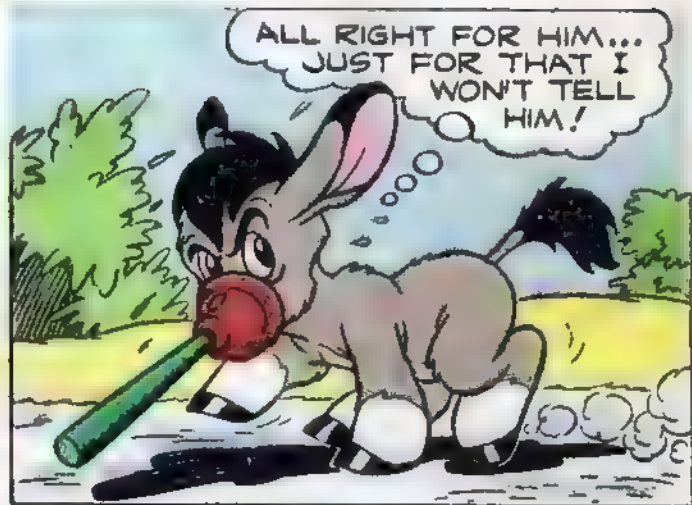
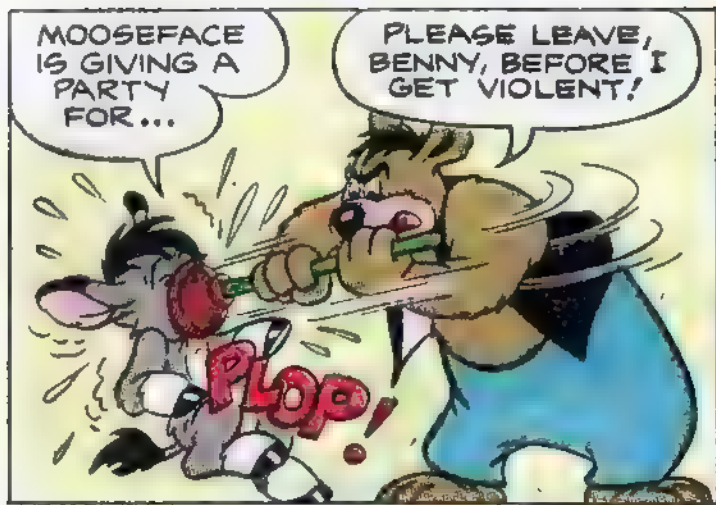


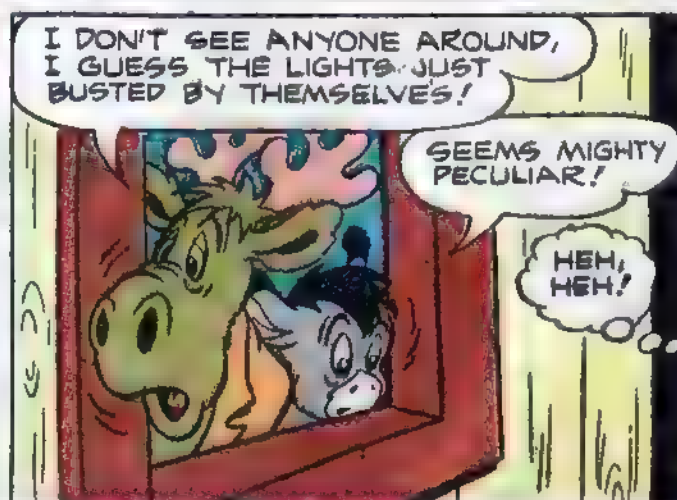
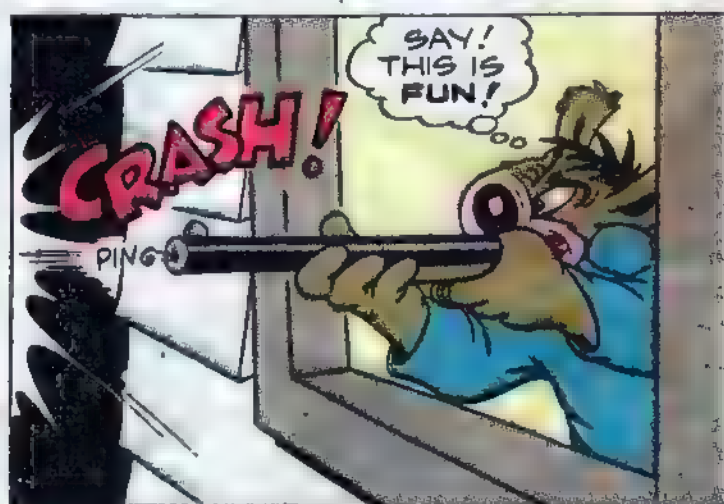
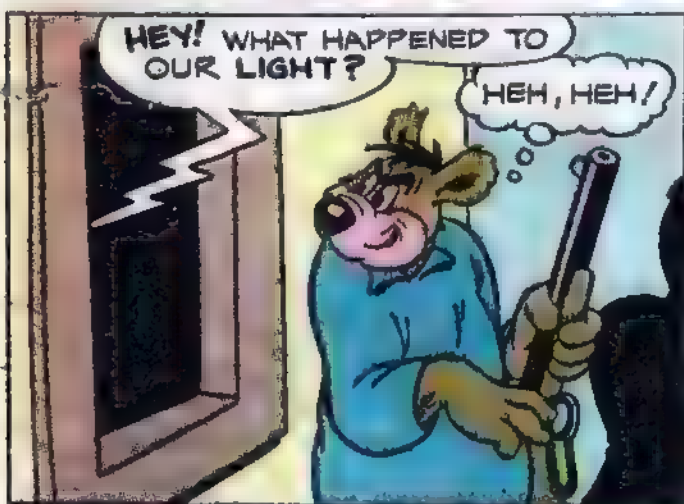
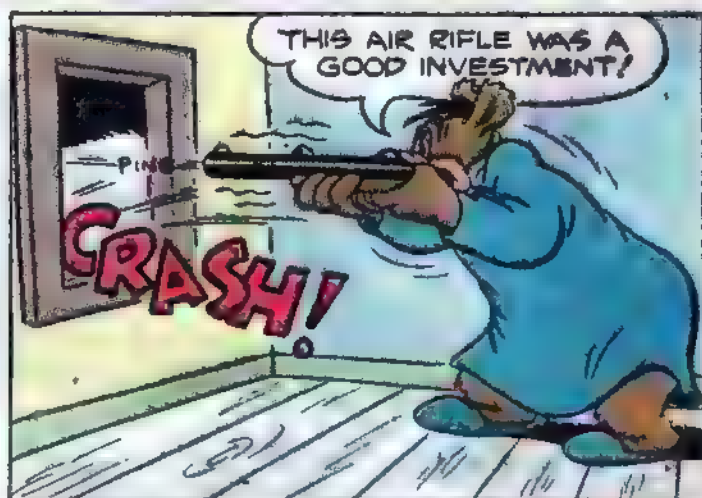
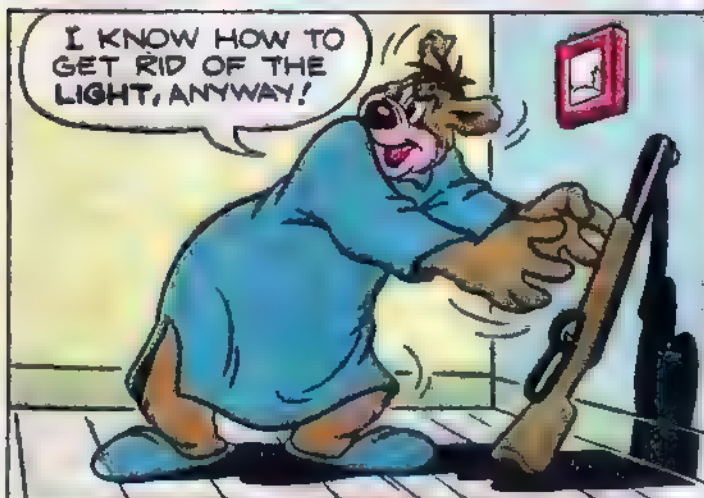
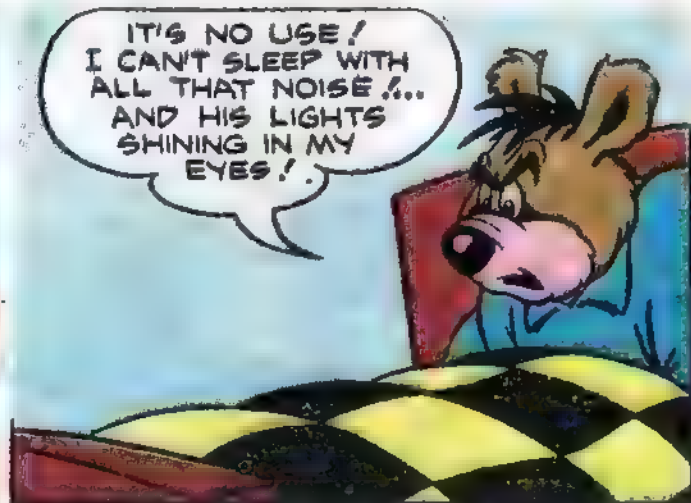


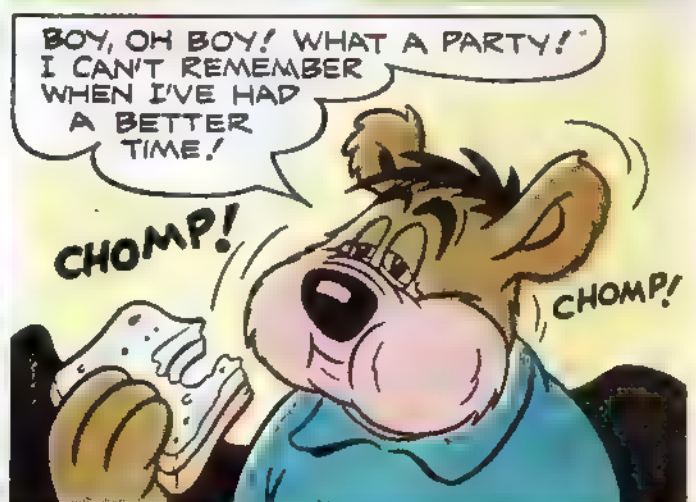
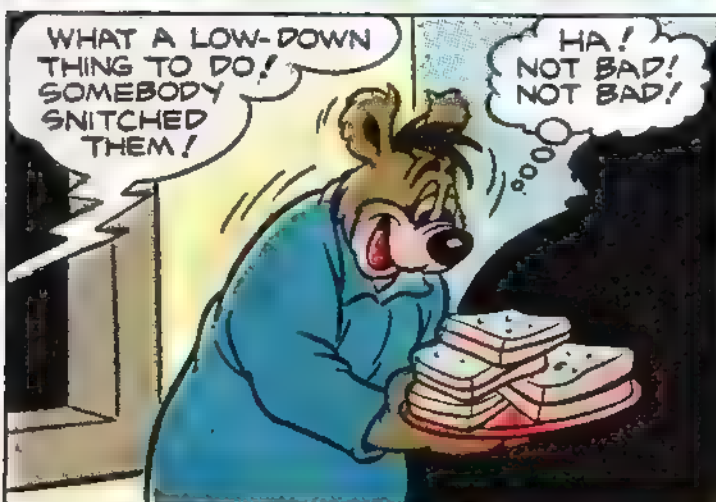
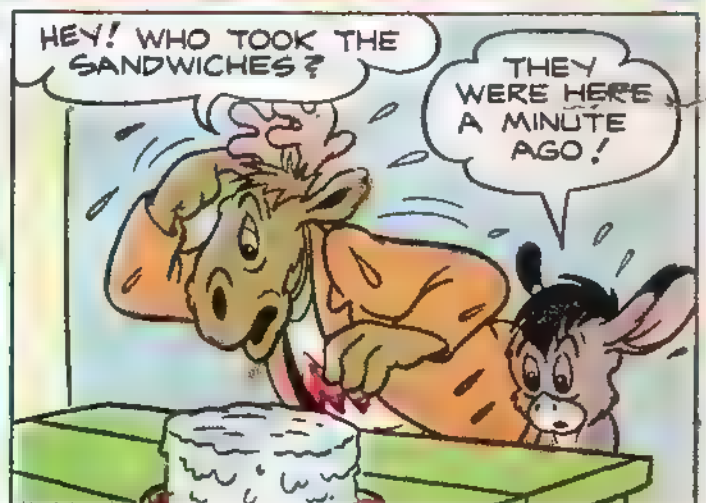
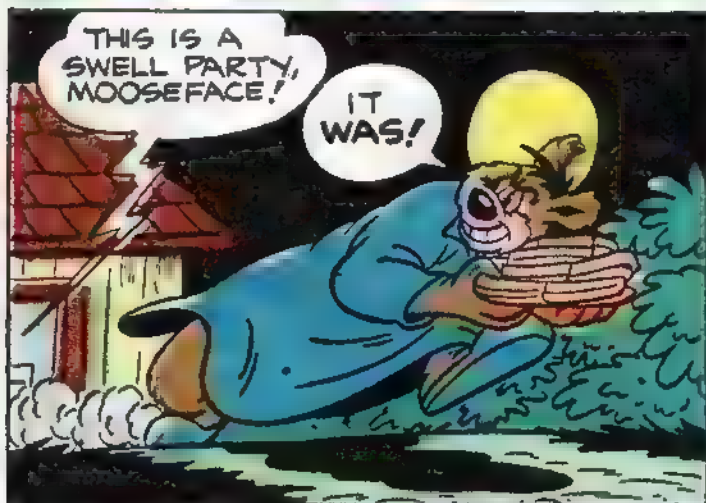
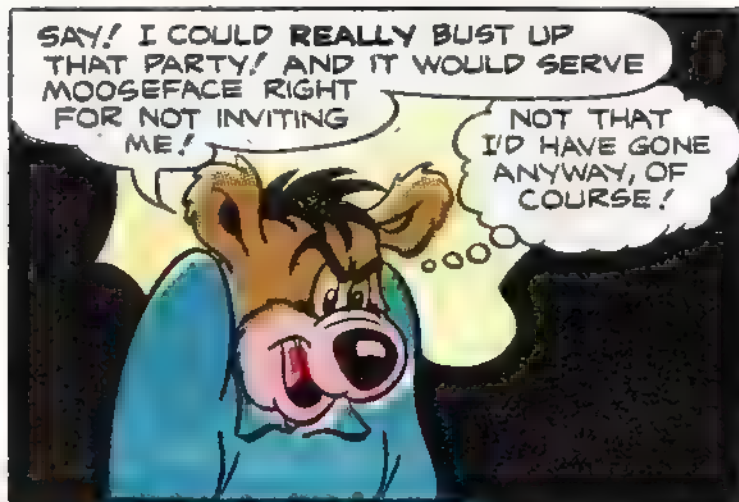


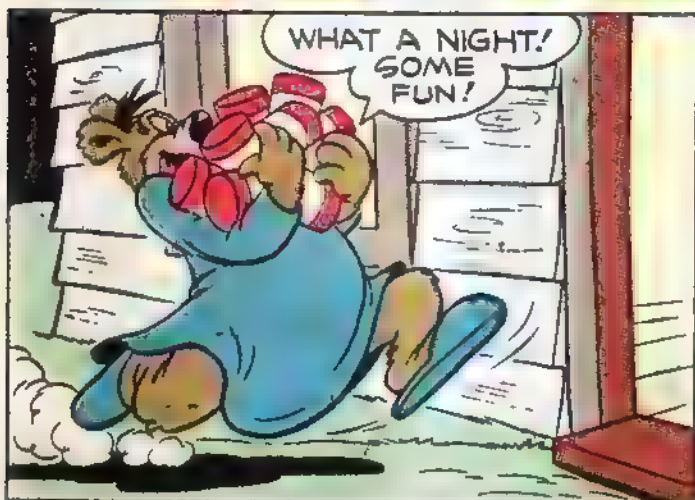
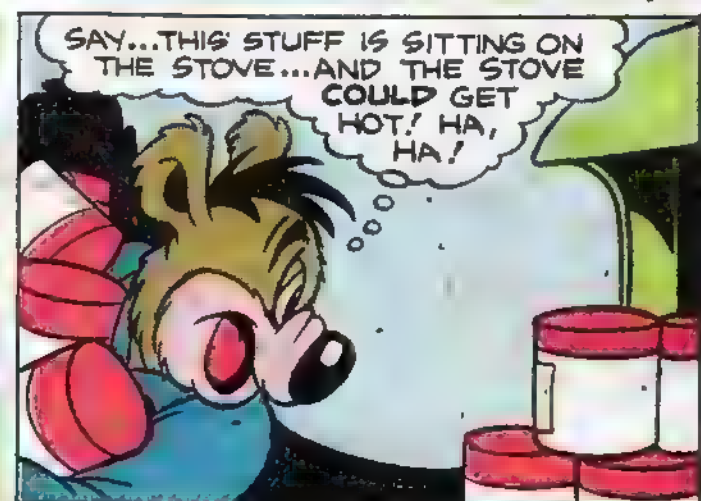
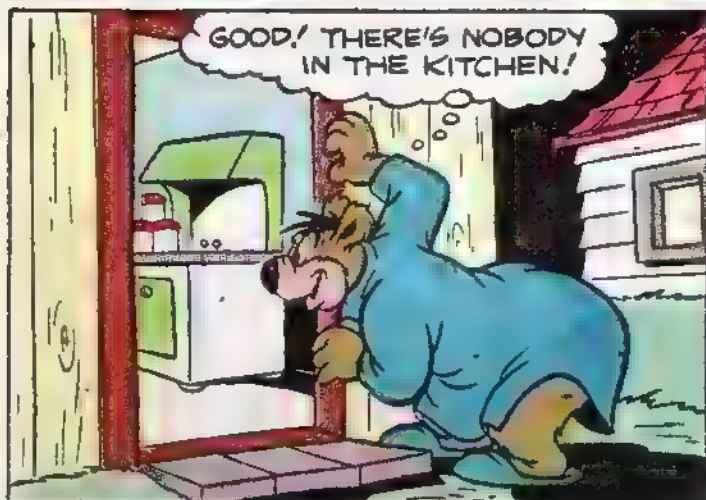
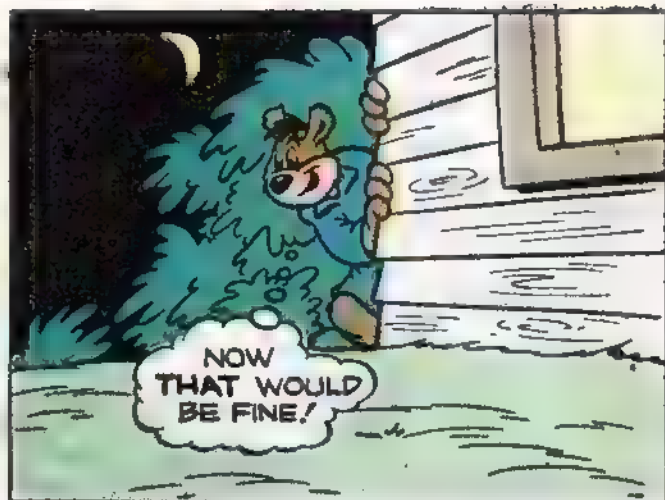


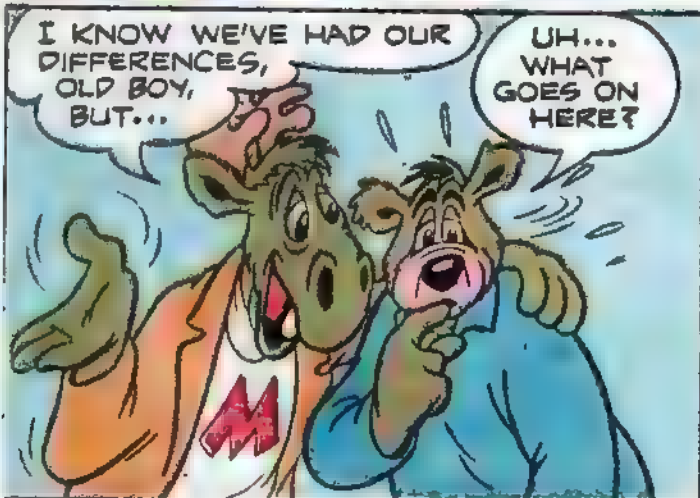
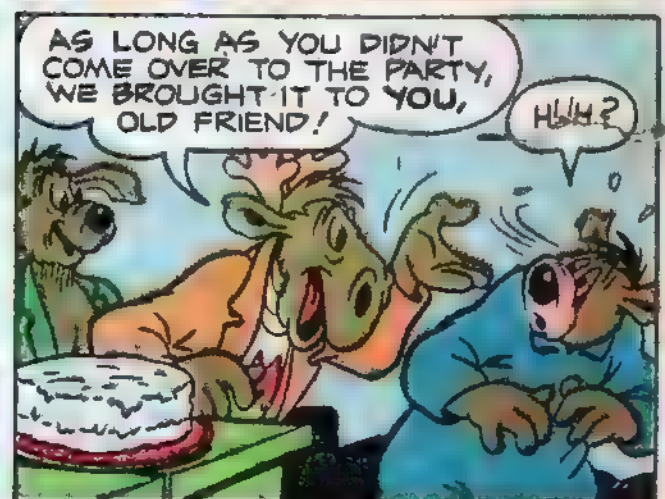
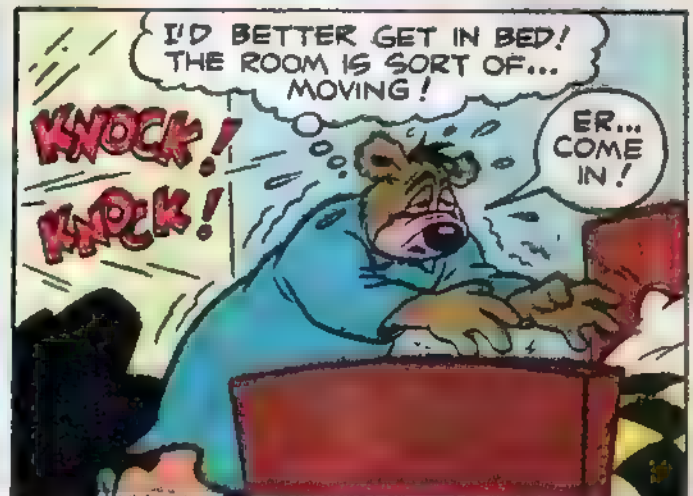
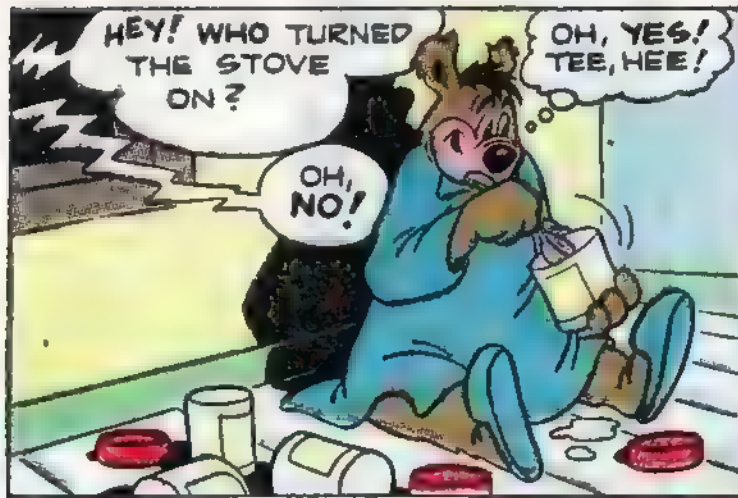












HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BARNEY!



LET'S CALL A HALT TO OUR FEUD!
I HAD THIS CAKE MADE
UP JUST FOR YOU!



Y-YOU
DID?

GEE! THAT'S SURE
NICE OF YOU,
MOOSEFACE!

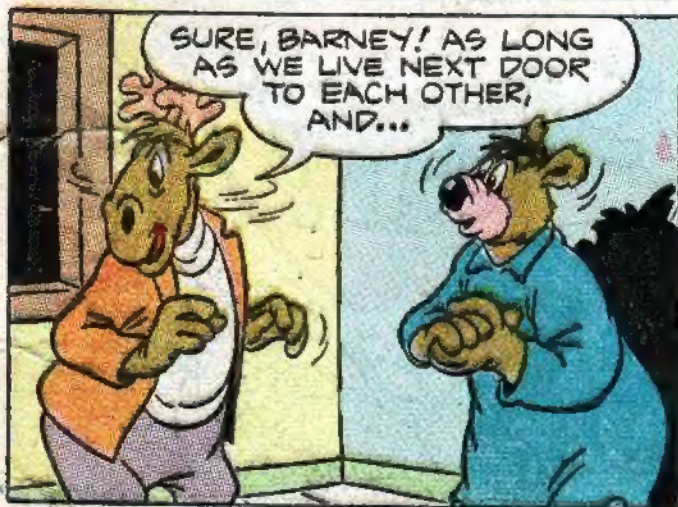


AND IF SOME LOW-LIFE HADN'T
TAKEN ALL THE FOOD AND RUINED
THE ICE CREAM, WE WOULD
HAVE BROUGHT
THAT OVER,
TOO!



R-REALLY?
(GULP)

SURE, BARNEY! AS LONG
AS WE LIVE NEXT DOOR
TO EACH OTHER,
AND...



SAY! ISN'T
THAT ONE OF
MY ICE CREAM
CONTAINERS?



UH-H...

AND THERE'S
THE REST OF
THE FOOD,
AND...



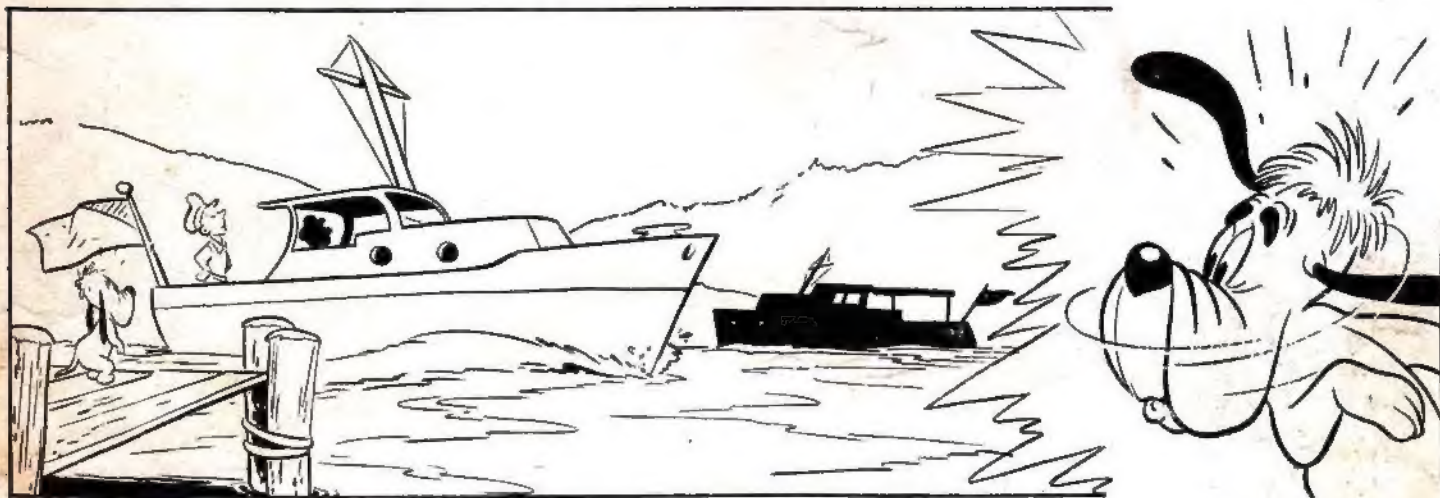
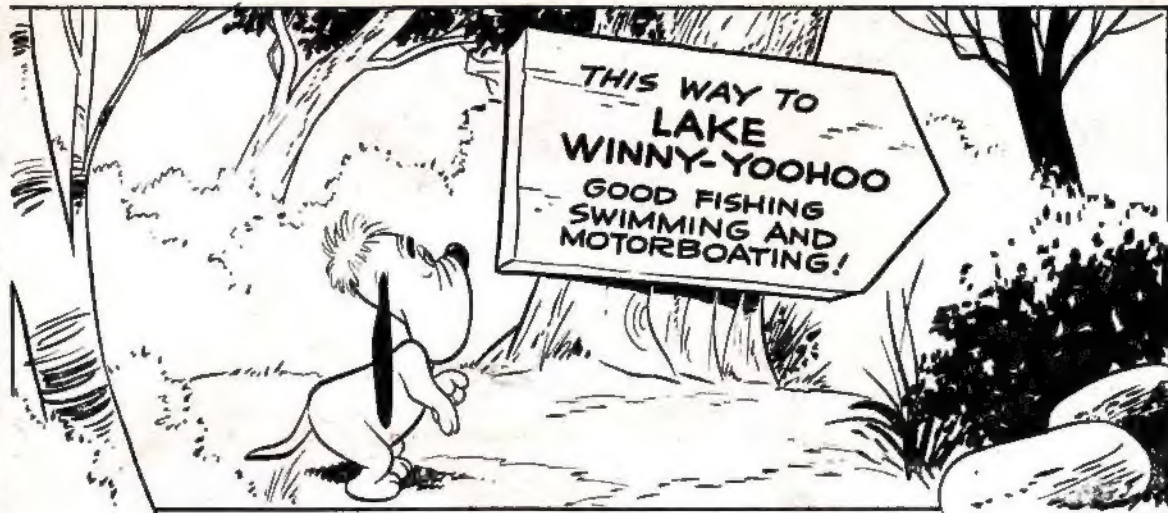
ER...

AND THAT AIR RIFLE!...I THINK
I KNOW NOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO MY
LIGHTS!





ROOBY

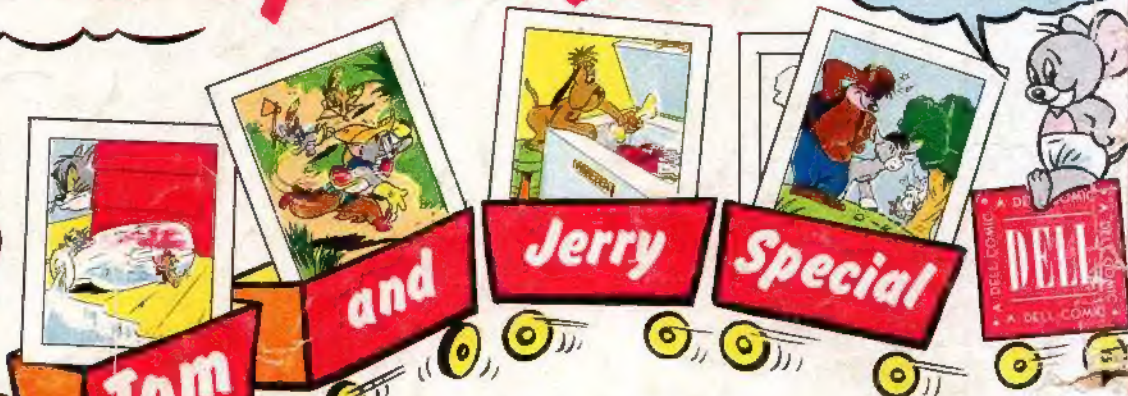




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